November 22, 1949

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The Reporter

The UN—POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES

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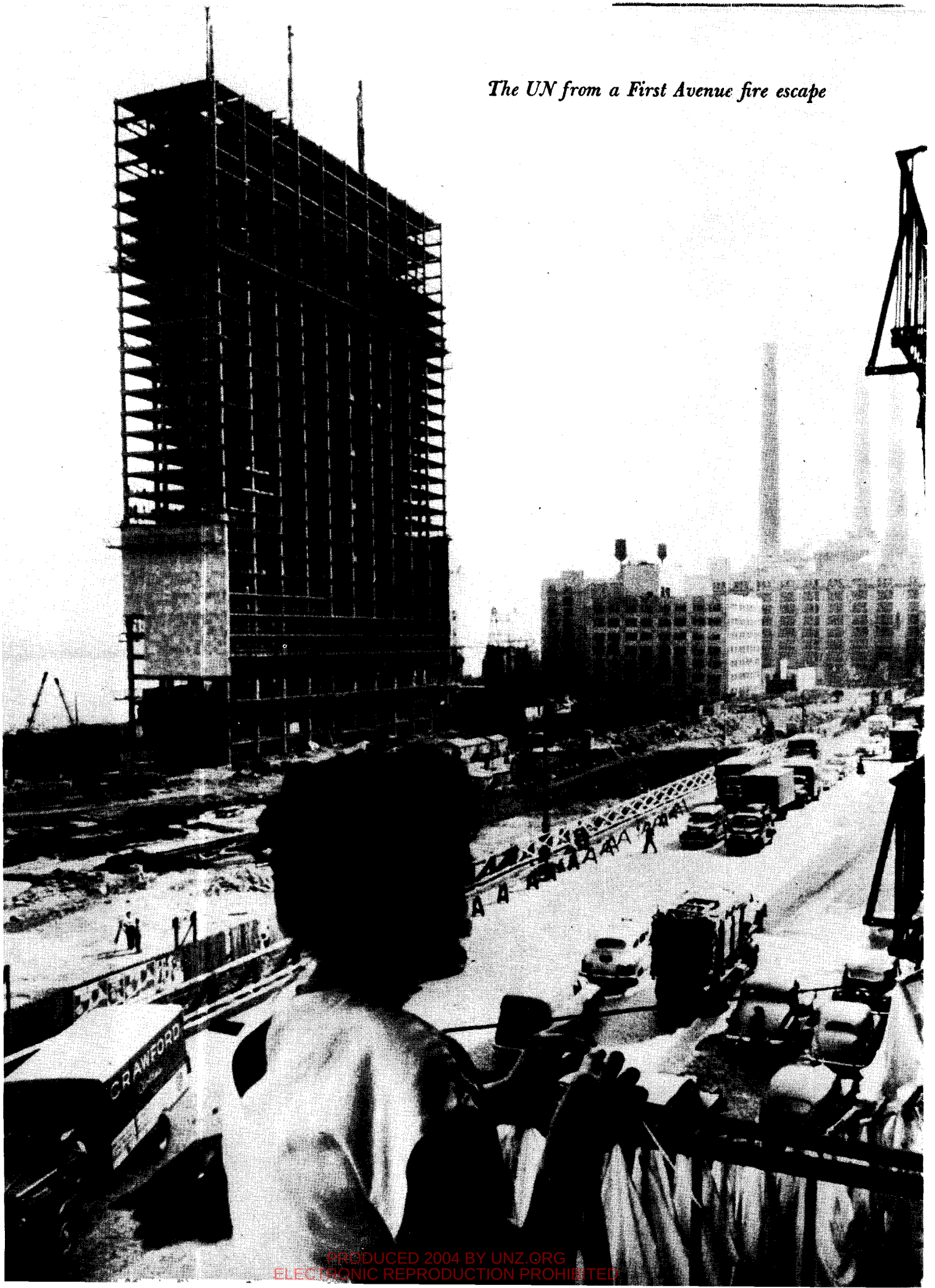
The UN from a First Avenue fire escape



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November 22, 1949

The Reporter

A fortnightly of facts and ideas

Volume 1, No. 16

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The U.N. has many disappointed lovers and a few surviving worshipers, but not very many friends. We are among the friends. That is why we are able to treat the U.N. critically, as we would any other political institution, including the Congress of our own country.

The U.N. has fallen short of expectations, but perhaps the fault lies equally with the expectations and the organization. To help the U.N. do its work, we must readjust our thinking about it and appraise what it can do and cannot do. This does not mean that we will have to abandon our idealism. It means that we must make it effective.

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Editorial

A Plea for the U. N. O.

The United Nations Organization got off to a bad start when, following the advice of the Secretary General, we took to the habit of first-naming it and called it just U.N. The British, as usual more correct and standoffish, stuck to the more formal name, and so did most of the member nations. Had we done the same, we would have avoided quite a few of the delusions that have resulted from the mental association between U.N. and U.S. Some ballast would have been put on the soaring imaginations of generous men and women inclined to see in the future of the international organization a bigger and better repetition of the process that gave our nation unity and greatness. *The Reporter,* though unwilling to launch a lonely campaign for the reinstatement of the O., thinks that dropping it was a woeful mistake.

An Instrument of National Policies

The purpose of the United Nations is to organize the interdependence of nations, and at the same time to provide a more secure foundation for their independence. The San Francisco Charter created instruments that would make it possible for nations varying greatly in wealth, power, and political institutions to synchronize their policies for specific purposes. These purposes were mostly defined by the compelling needs of a world that had been devastated by war. A new setting was created, largely exposed to the public gaze, articulated in a number of different agencies that were to act on the sinews of the national economies. But above all the new organization had a chance to function and to do useful work only if the member nations would use it as an instrument of national policy.

This chance has not been denied to the U.N., and in that respect the U.N., in spite of the conflict between East and West, has lived up to its purpose. Governments cannot help using the U.N., and seldom, in the conduct of their external affairs, can they take action of broad political relevance without being detected, and eventually denounced, by other governments at the tribune of the U.N. Many nations, including ours, have tried to by-pass the U.N. Yet, no way has been found of getting past the General Assembly or the Security Council where these attempts have somehow to be justified and reconciled with the general purpose of the international organization.

In becoming a common instrument of different and frequently-conflicting national policies, the U.N. has dramatized the fact that antagonistic nations cannot avoid the discomfort of their coexistence—unless they want to go to war. In the councils of the U.N., war appears particularly unpopular, for the prospective throwers of the atomic bomb are side by side with the prospective goats of the new Bikinis. In the U.N. we can see our world neatly mirrored. This is an exasperating and sometimes frightening sight. But it would not help much to break the mirror.

Moreover, these are recurrent images: The General Assembly and the Security Council hold one session after another. The recurrence of these meetings seems to have a sobering effect on the advocates of opposite ideologies. It would be difficult now to imagine even as clever and fiery a man as Vishinsky making another speech about warmongers. After one such blast, any other blast would fall on half-deafened, half-inattentive ears. In the truest sense, it can be said that the Russians have fired at the U.N. a considerable number of one-shot guns.

The representatives of tyrannical governments in the U.N. have no choice but to play their political game according to the principles and the established practices of democracy. These practices include lobbying, wire-pulling, log-rolling, arm-twisting, spoils to the faithful—everything in the practical politician's book. People who know the ways of our democracy become despondent when they see some of the same techniques employed in the U.N. They are distressed when the daily life of the international organization appears to be a series either of deadlocks or of horse-trades among the representatives of the various national policies. There is no hope for the world, they think, unless the conflict of interests among nations is taken out of U.N. politics and

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brought under the jurisdiction of a universal rule of law.

The U. N. and the Steel Strike

From the windows of *The Reporter's* offices the tall, unfinished frame of the U.N. building can be seen. The work has been proceeding fast, but recently might have been stopped or delayed by a shortage of steel. For ultimately we have no rule of law in our country that can settle by administrative fiat or judicial decision the conflicts between capital and labor. Ultimately there is no rule of law that makes it illegal for Philip Murray to call a strike or for Benjamin Fairless to lock the workers out of his mills.

Of course, if the building were on Russian soil, quite a number of rules of law would make any strike impossible. But in a democracy tests of strength cannot be avoided—even if sometimes they are inconvenient and risky to the nation as a whole. Nor is there any way under our system to avoid the test of strength among political parties which occurs in an election—even if at times elections can be so poisoned by willfully-spread prejudices as to distort rather than express the people's will.

For it is a characteristic of democracy that the rule of law, far from operating with machine-like precision, is often halted and exposed to dangerous tests of strength between opposed forces. Actually, society is not even able to eliminate crime. But civilization has taught men to substitute criminal trial for private revenge, just as democracy has taught the citizens to use ballots instead of bullets. In the same way, in the conflict between capital and labor, strikes and lockouts have been substituted for the physical clash of aroused mobs. Civilization is an unending search for substitutes for violence.

The hope of the world is that the most dangerous of all conflicts, those between armed nations, may be dealt with by limiting the territorial range of the armed conflict and the murderous power of the weapons that belligerent nations are likely to use. The U.N. has already proved that wars, like forest fires, can be isolated and gradually brought under control. It must and will, in our own days, tackle the harder job of outlawing the most fearsome weapons of destruction.

The Ghost of Sovereignty

But the lessons of Palestine, Indonesia, and Kashmir fail to satisfy the critics of the U.N. For in the fact that the U. N. is a point of convergence of national policies they see the evidence that sovereignty of nations is not going to be transferred to a universal, earth-encompassing government. Such a complaint shows how the ghosts of unmanageable absolutes are still hovering over our world. We should have learned by now that private property is essential to a stable democratic society, but that unrestrained, unregulated, absolute property is utterly unthinkable, and has never existed anywhere. The same can be said about the rights of labor. If labor is denied the right to organize, the laborers—particularly in our industrialized society—are reduced to the status of marginal, second-class citizens. Yet no friend of the labor unions can claim for them the absolute right to do what they please to their own unionized workers and the community as a whole.

The same can be said about national sovereignty. It cannot be advocated as an absolute, uncontrolled right by anybody, not even Vishinsky. It should be obvious, from our experience with capital and labor, that no rights can be either unreservedly claimed or unreservedly denied. Gradually, step by step, through struggles that no rule of law can eliminate, men are learning how to circumscribe the zone within which their rights are both protected and viable.

If the patterns and the institutions of national government, as we know them, were adopted by a unified world or a unified West, it is questionable whether they would guarantee peace. These institutions have become increasingly cumbersome and bureaucratized; following an almost irresistible trend, they have been cutting deeper and deeper into the privacy of the individual. They were devised at a time when there were no trade unions, no corporations, and no big government. And yet it has become fashionable to talk almost in the same breath of the welfare state and world government. It might be interesting to know how the world welfare government would work, even if, as it is said, its powers were limited, and how such limits could be established and respected.

The function of the U.N. is gradually to impose definite obligations and responsibilities on the sovereignty of all nations, big and small. It can at the same time limit wars and act on the causes that make for war. It can relieve people from the threat of total war so that they may readjust their institutions to their capacities and needs.

International politics inside and around the U.N. proceeds in a crude, old-time Tammany style. The rough politics that used to be symbolized by the Tiger is now played in rich new zones—like labor or world affairs—where the stakes are high, and the leaders have not yet had time to realize how far their power can go. Tough as it is, work for peace does not have to wait for a self-made Moses to come down from a new mountain. Because the U.N. exists, it can be done there and now. —M.A.

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For a Stronger Secretariat

Beset by the spoils system, intrigue, inefficiency, and the governments, the U.N.'s executive branch itself requires a powerful executive

At a recent meeting of the staff of the official U.N. semi-monthly magazine, the *United Nations Bulletin,* a senior writer suggested that the trouble with the publication was that it wasn't sufficiently interesting. The editor-in-chief pondered this idea for a while, and then delivered a statement of policy: "Gentlemen, it is not necessary for the *Bulletin* to be interesting as long as it is accurate."

In most publishing circles, this might be regarded as an impractical, and even disastrous principle, but it seems highly realistic in the corridors of Lake Success. The jobs of the *Bulletin* staff depend less on whether circulation goes up than on whether the fifty-nine U.N. delegations are all satisfied with the magazine's contents. The *Bulletin* consequently is very circumspect. When a political wrangle at Lake Success resembles a mad hatter's tea-party, as many do, the *Bulletin,* in its efforts to offend nobody, heaps further confusion on it. After many U.N. discussions, decisions are taken; one side wins, the other loses. This never appears to be the case in the *Bulletin,* where excerpts from speeches are selected in such a way as to cancel each other out.

In many ways, this attitude is typical of all sections of the United Nations Secretariat. Perhaps it can be explained by the fact that the Secretariat is beset not only by the ordinary problems of a bureaucracy, but by the extraordinary ones that fall on bureaucrats who are dedicated to serving other bureaucracies. The Secretariat is increasingly dedicated to serving the delegations.

Actually, the United Nations is something more than the sum of its delegations, with their Vishinskys, Austins, and other orators who happen to snatch the day's headlines. The U.N. is constructed somewhat in the image of a government. The General Assembly and the Security Council are the would-be equivalents of legislative bodies. The Secretariat was formed as the permanent executive council of the international organization. The 4,166 permanent and semi-permanent officials of the Secretariat—as well as over seven thousand employees of the specialized agencies—have all taken an oath to serve no national interest, only that of the United Nations.

In theory, the Secretariat carries out the instructions handed down to it by the Assembly and its commissions, with fear or favor toward none. But as matters have worked out, the Secretariat is so careful not to step on the toes of the delegations that its characteristic gait is pussyfooting. The governments not only fight their wordy battles in the debating councils: They exercise a stranglehold on the Secretariat itself.

A few months ago, one of the Assistant Secretaries General resigned. Trygve Lie automatically asked the official's government to nominate another of its citizens for the post. The man was a Russian, but this does not mean Lie is out to curry favor with the Soviet government particularly. If the retiring official had been an American, he would have applied just as automatically to Washington.

It may seem strange that the forty-thousand-dollar-a-year head of a vast enterprise does not select his own right-hand men, especially when there is nothing in the U.N. Charter to prevent him, but, as Lie has pointed out, he feels bound by verbal agreements reached by the big powers at San Francisco in 1945. There, when the plans were laid for the framework of the United Nations, the positions of control in the central organization were parceled out. The large powers, of course, had first call. The Russians demanded, and were promised, control of the Department of Security Council Affairs. An American was to head up Administrative and Financial Services. Economic Affairs went to the United Kingdom, Social Affairs to France, and the Department of Trusteeship to a Chinese. Then the small nations had to be taken care of. The department which services the conferences and committees with routine documents was placed under a Dutchman, giving the small western democracies a key representative on the staff, while the Russian satellites were placated by having a Czech head the Legal Department. There remained the often-neglected but increasingly-vociferous Latin Americans, represented by an uncomfortable core of twenty delegations. A Chilean was made head of the Department of Public Information.

The governments, and groups of governments, have come to regard these top eight positions in the international civil service as hereditary, and belonging to them by established right.

This does not mean that every U.N. staff post is allotted to a particular government. Some political exiles, with no recognized government at all, are working in subordinate jobs. But it does mean that the Secretariat has decided that the only way to have a staff of internationalists is to have an international staff. This in turn means that, following the agreements made at San Francisco, the Secretariat recruits personnel by a spoils, not a merit, system. The U.N.'s quota system, one aspect of the spoils system—on which Mr. Lie is called to report to every General As-

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sembly—is already far more rigid than any ever contemplated by a U.S. Immigration Act. It is almost impossible for an American or a British subject to get a job within the Secretariat, for these two nations, with two thousand of their nationals already working for the U.N., have more than filled their quotas. Conversely, the U.N. strains to hire recruits from such under-represented nations as India, with thirty posts, or El Salvador, with one.

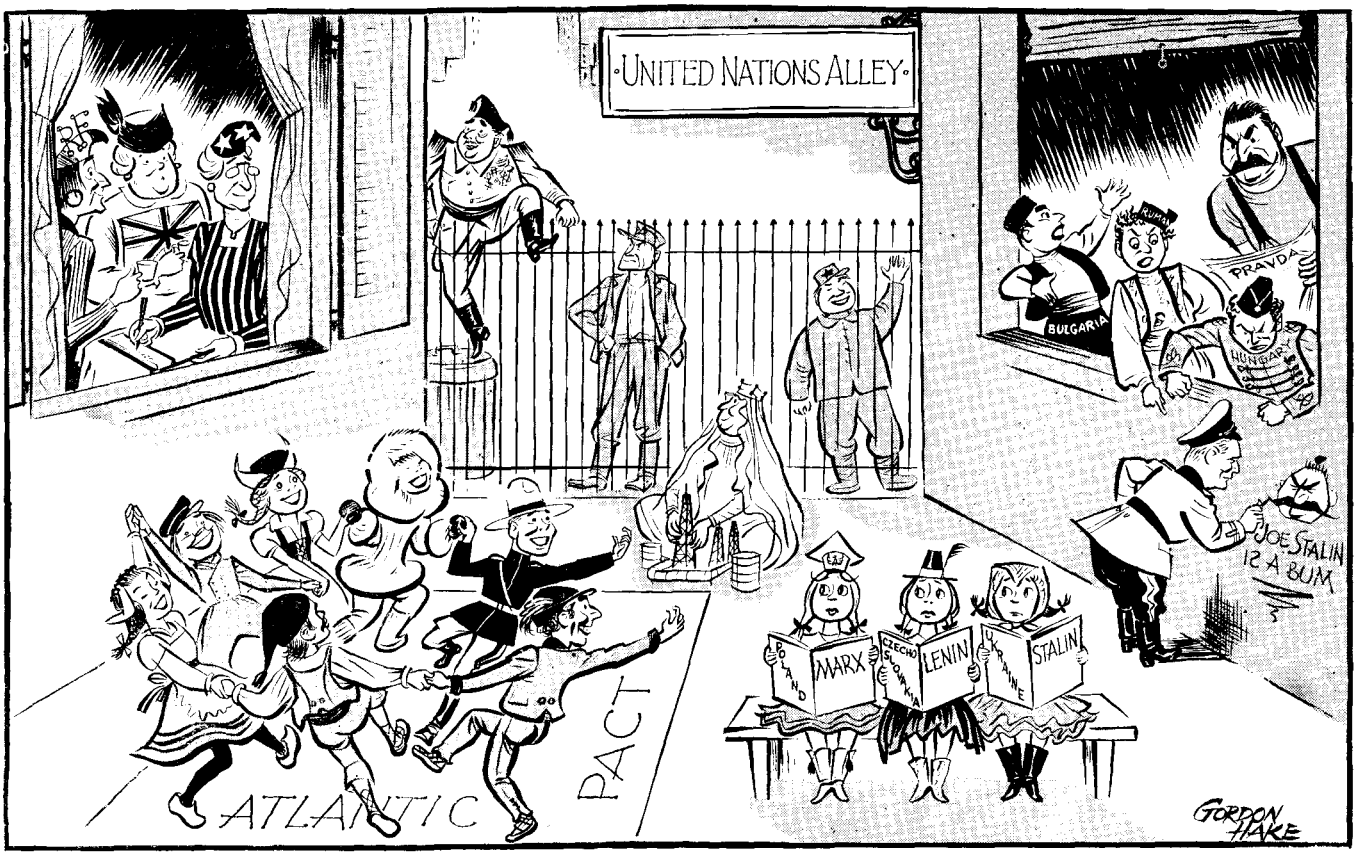
Certain posts are deliberately allotted to some countries, sometimes with curious results. Four posts on the *Bulletin* have been left open for Russians, presumably on the theory that there would be a Russian edition of the magazine. So far, the Russian government has not nominated anybody to fill them. It is possible, of course, that if it did, it might feel obliged to allow U.N. publications to circulate within the Soviet Union, and that as a consequence U.N. affairs might not appear so one-sided to Russian readers as *Pravda* portrays them.

It is pretty hard for a man to get fired from the Secretariat because of inefficiency. This summer, one of the U.N. agencies discovered that the accounts of its Paris office were in a chaotic state —not through dishonesty, but plain inefficiency. The official concerned turned up at Lake Success a few weeks ago, working in a new section which has been established to investigate the efficiency of other divisions.

U.N. staff members tend to think in terms of national interest more than the League of Nations employees did. At the height of the Palestine crisis, for instance, a U.S. columnist revealed details of a report which, he said, the State Department had received from an American serving with the U.N. Palestine Commission. Under the concept of international service, this American should have been suspended on the same grounds as the Soviet engineer, Valentin Gubitchev, who had allegedly been serving the interests of his own government under the cover of U.N. work. No action was taken.

The governments, which are really responsible for this state of affairs, nevertheless continually criticize the U.N. The British, who were originally offered the Department of Public Information, suggest at every General Assembly that that department's budget be reduced on grounds of inefficiency. (But they would still decline to send a British public-relations expert to reorganize the department, because this would mean withdrawing from control of Economic Affairs.) Every U.N. study of displaced persons, through the International Refugee Organization, draws fire from the Russians and their satellites, who maintain that the displaced persons are all really criminals. A handful of Secretariat operatives, laboring to maintain a truce between India and Pakistan in the mountains of Kashmir, are constantly being sniped at by India, which is trying to delay an internationally-supervised plebiscite. A few months ago, the Netherlands protested the presence in Indonesia of a member of the U.N. Indonesian Commission. They said his reports to the U.N. were biased, and, although these reports were supposedly confidential within the Secretariat, produced photostatic copies of them—revealing that their police agents in Indonesia had been opening the U.N. diplomatic pouch.

Among its other worries, the Secretariat often has to contend with charges that it is swarming with Communists. The FBI recently announced investigations of some twenty-five U.N. employees—a strange figure,



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since the sixteen Russians, and the seventy citizens of the satellite nations employed at Lake Success, were all presumably chosen for their loyalty to Marxist principles. The U.N. Staff Committee, an elected group ostensibly representing all the employees, has protested against accusations that the Secretariat is loaded with Communists, but there is an uncommonly active group of people on the staff who, whether members of the party or not, follow the Russian line on all occasions. Most of them are from the United States, Britain, and the other democracies. (The Russians and their eastern European neighbors are surprisingly inactive on the staff level. The Soviet delegations maintain a list of Russian-language teachers around New York; U.N. employees who went to see some of the teachers found that they were violently anti-Soviet. The Russians didn't know—or care.)

Not long ago, one important U.N. commission was found to be staffed with officials whose reports bore a marked pro-Communist tinge. All were Americans and western Europeans. A semi-official enquiry would have focused public attention on the fact. The problem was solved by reducing the size of the commission and replacing the central figure by a man known more intimately to Lie.

The chances are, of course, that the proportion of Communists among the U.N. staff is no larger than would be expected. What accounts for their larger nuisance value is, as usual, their indefatigable burrowing into key sections of the organization. By attending meetings and discussions after working hours, they have managed to capture most of the elected posts on the Staff Committee—for which, incidentally, about half the staff cast no votes at the last election.

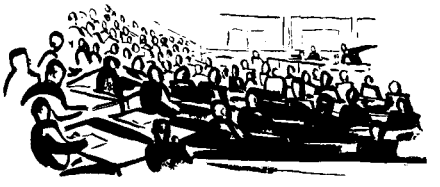
Many of the weaknesses of the Secretariat could, in the past, be attributed to the expansion of the staff from a few hundred in May, 1946, to about three thousand in September of the same year. At that time, internal administrative policies had to be improvised to make such an expansion possible. It is not surprising that some of the policies turned out should be unsatisfactory, nor that some of the hastily-recruited staff should have failed to stack up to their jobs. But now the period of improvisation should be over.

To many U.N. workers it is apparent that most of the Secretariat's internal problems — the quota system, low morale, the ceiling on promotions (as long as the governments control the top positions), the conflict between national and international loyalty, the political rivalries—arise from the fact that there is no firm hand at the top.

For all his zeal, Trygve Lie has only too frequently shown a tendency to be dominated by the individual nations, and has only too infrequently used his prestige to act as a mediator between conflicting governments. When the Secretary General does not behave like an executive, the Secretariat cannot behave like an executive body.

Fortunately, the executive attitude, which in a sense is the supranational attitude, is to be found here and there in some of the far-flung specialized agencies of the United Nations. Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish director of the Economic Commission for Europe, is perhaps the best example. Like Mr. Lie, Myrdal is obliged to maintain an international staff, and, like Lie, asks the governments to submit their nominations. From that point on, their approaches differ. At first, the governments sent Myrdal the names of men whom they would miss the least on the local scene. Myrdal examined their qualifications and, invariably, requested another list. After a time, it dawned on the governments that if they wanted their nationals employed by ECE they had better nominate men with ability. This caused no little annoyance, particularly to the British, who have paid astonishingly little attention to the need for staffing U.N. with the best possible brains. The British are now trying to reduce the ECE budget, but this has not deterred Myrdal from pursuing his own methods. He has not had an easy time, but his agency is not used as a dumping ground for useless personnel.

One reason the Secretariat has been having so much trouble is that nothing comparable to it has ever existed before—not even in the League of Nations, which was so small in comparison that its gleaming white palace beside Lake Leman could not accommodate the complete personnel of any one of the larger specialized agencies of today. There are no precedents in ordinary national politics, where leaders usually have to come up through the mill and, along the way, are inculcated with a tradition. But national politics—no matter in what nation—has not often turned out to be an adequate training ground for international officials.



A case in point is that of Arthur J. Altmeyer, the Commissioner of the Social Security Administration, who was briefly and unfortunately loaned to the Preparatory Commission of the International Refugee Organization. One of Altmeyer's first moves was to negotiate an agreement with Army authorities in the U.S. Zone of Germany, which would have put the IRO under the control of the Army. One clause committed the IRO to paying for all imported equipment in dollars; with the Army controlling all supplies within the zone, it was virtually certain that even the electrical fixtures for D.P. camps would have to be imported. Another clause gave IRO personnel stationed in the U.S. Zone the right to bring their families with them under the same regulations that governed the U. S. Army. These regulations, it turned out, afforded the privilege to American citizens only.

If experience that qualifies a man for the delicate and complicated duties of U.N. service is to be found anywhere, it is perhaps in the delegations and agencies of the U.N. itself, where some men have labored with skill and distinction for as long as four years. Certainly the U.N. is the logical place to look for candidates to succeed Lie as Secretary General in 1951.

When it comes to the selection of the Secretary General, of course, a fresh problem arises. If left free to follow their own inclinations, the governments are not likely to choose a man who will not follow their slightest whim. The Secretary General is elected by the General Assembly. But actually, the Assembly is presented with a candidate agreed upon by the Security Council, where the selection is classified as a nonprocedural matter and is

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consequently subject to veto. This means that the candidate cannot come from any one of the Big Five, if the present tension continues; that much is understandable. But there is also the danger that one or another of the Big Five would rule out even candidates from nations that are not in the front line of the cold war, but that are pretty definitely committed to the eastern or western bloc. Lester B. Pearson, Canada's Minister of External Affairs, who has worked with international agencies for more than five years, would probably not have a chance, nor would Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, for in the U.N. last year he appealed to Russia to reveal its true intentions in the world.

If these considerations govern the election of the next Secretary General, it is not hard to guess what he will be like. First, he will probably come from one of the rare small nations that leans neither toward Russia nor the West in any compelling sense. Second, he would be politically colorless. Third, he would not be the sort of man who would rock the boat, either in the political assemblies or in the United Nations organization itself. Fourth, he would create no "dangerous" situations.

Should the democratic governments settle on such a man, they would incur a grave responsibility. The U.N. can live up to its purposes only if it responds to, and enlists the interest of, the people. The election of the next Secretary General concerns the people of the world, especially of the democratic countries, for the entire U.N. can be weakened by an ineffective executive branch. It is inevitable that the choice will be made after maneuvering, compromising, and logrolling. But the people of the democratic world, whose representatives are accountable to them, can help decide the limits within which we will compromise. The debates about the man whom the democracies will settle for as Secretary General must start now—in the open—so that all candidates can be checked and some may be endorsed by public opinion. Though our representatives will have to bargain, they are not obliged to take any feeble candidate just because he happens to be acceptable to the Russians. We have the veto, too.

The First Four Years

The U.N. hasn't fulfilled the rosy visions of 1945, but it has accomplished more than meets the eye

Like the British Labour Government and the Brooklyn Dodgers, the United Nations is slightly out of favor at the moment because it has not fulfilled all the ambitious hopes and improbable dreams that some of its supporters have had for it.

The U.N. has not proved to be a gigantic labor-saving device capable of relieving men and nations of their responsibility to behave. It has not tamed the combative instincts of man, nor has it put an end to hunger, strife, selfishness, or war.

But it can make a few claims on its fourth birthday, and if these all have to be defined in modest terms, it will at least be seen that the U.N. has confounded the skeptics just as much as it has disappointed its enthusiasts.

The first modest claim that can be made for it is that it is still alive. Men still argue about it. Whole issues of magazines take up its problems. Nations still use it, even after they threaten to get out of it; quite a number still believe in it.

Already the U.N. has outlasted some of the men who helped create it. The first official reference to the need for an organization to replace the League of Nations was made over eight years ago in the Atlantic Charter by President Roosevelt, who died before the San Francisco Conference started, and Winston Churchill, who presided over the 1945 defeat of the Tory Party shortly after that conference ended.

The first official international commitment to form the U.N. was made in the Moscow Declaration six years ago last month by four foreign secretaries—Hull, Eden, Foo Ping Sheung, and Molotov—at least three of whom have declined markedly in power and authority in the years since.

Though time and the political process have been rough on the U.N., they have been even rougher on the fortunes of many of the men who wrote the charter at San Francisco.

The host at San Francisco, for example, former Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, is dead. Lord Halifax, who signed for Britain, has retired. V. K. Wellington Koo, whose signature topped the list, now represents a government whose authority and legality are under serious challenge.

Paul-Henri Spaak, Ezequiel Padilla, and Jan Christain Smuts, all prominent at San Francisco, have been removed from public office. Jan Masaryk, the Czech Foreign Minister, lost his life in the same political and ideological conflict that has split the U.N.; and the Secretary General of the San Francisco conference, Alger Hiss, is under indictment by his own government.

It is true, of course, that the League of Nations outlasted Woodrow Wilson and still wasn't an overwhelming success, but in this era even survival is a distinct accomplishment.

A second claim that can be made is that the U.N. has not only survived but has been elastic enough to do good work under the handicap of a political struggle it was never intended to face.

The basis of the organization as a world security institution was that the United States, Britain, the U.S.S.R., France, and China would agree on peace treaties for Germany, Austria, and Japan; work out acceptable compromises on the postwar political and social structure of the defeated and liberated nations; and achieve unanimity on any disputes which came be-

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force the United Nations after it was formed.

In the Moscow Declaration of 1943, the major powers recognized "the necessity of ensuring a rapid and orderly transition from war to peace," and declared "that their united action . . . will be continued for the organization and maintenance of peace and security."

The same overriding assumption of substantial agreement among the United States, the U.S.S.R., Britain, China, and France was implicit in the Yalta declaration. It was written into the heart of the U.N. Charter in the form of the veto power, which gave each of the five big nations authority to block action by the U.N. in wide and vital fields.

What is surprising, therefore, is not that an organization based on this assumption of agreement has done so badly in dealing with issues growing out of the East-West disagreement, but that it has been able to do anything at all.

The failure to achieve substantial agreement among the big states has, of course, blocked all efforts at a compromise on the use and control of atomic energy, on the regulation of conventional armaments, and on placing armed forces at the disposal of the U.N. Security Council.

It has also prevented agreement on the dispute in Korea, and, to a certain extent, on the one in Greece. At the same time, however, this lack of agreement has not prevented the U.N. from making substantial contributions toward the settlement of the dangerous disputes in Palestine, Indonesia, Iran, and Kashmir. Nor has it kept the U.N. from playing an important role in the major conflicts between the biggest states themselves.

Because the U.N. has not had power to prevent disputes among large states, or to settle such problems as the Greek and Korean issues, there has been a tendency to say that the delegates at San Francisco who cheerfully spoke of unanimity were hopelessly unrealistic. They spoke their hopes—but, fortunately, in the charter they drafted their fears. In fairness to them, it must be said that there are enough loopholes in the charter, some of them left consciously, to give the member states room to expand and maneuver.

The Russian delegation at San Francisco would have had it otherwise. It would have limited the right of free speech in the General Assembly. It would have put crippling reservations on the authority of states to form regional associations within the United Nations. The Russians did not like the strenuous efforts that were made by the U.S. delegation, and others, to nail down in the charter "the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense. . ."

Nevertheless, the United States and Britain, with constant and sometimes decisive goading by the western Europeans, the British Dominions, and the Latin Americans, fought stubbornly until these rights were written into the charter, and, because they did so, it has been possible to complete the North Atlantic Treaty and Western Union within the framework of the United Nations, and to clarify the East-West conflict in the meetings of the General Assembly.

In passing, therefore, one may question the now-popular theory that the San Francisco Conference marked a brief period of tranquillity and agreement in the relations among the Big Five. This is true only in a limited sense. Actually, the San Francisco Conference lasted sixty-three days, most of which were marked by bitter controversy. At one point, indeed, even Senator Vandenberg, generally considered a key figure in the writing of the charter, apparently thought that the conference was becoming a hopeless wrangle, and talked about returning to Washington before it was finished.

Even on the final day, the delegates were far more skeptical than the record of their public remarks suggests. Those who were there will remember that eleven men, including President Truman, spoke that day, and while Mr. Truman was warmly greeted when he remarked, "What a great day this can be in history!", the loudest and longest applause was reserved for one sentence spoken by the late Jan Masaryk:

"Let us please stop talking about the next world war!"

Perhaps the delegates' vision of the world four years ago from the Top of the Mark in San Francisco was a little brighter than it is now. Perhaps they did assume too much, but at the same time, their periods of skepticism

Combat Fatigue

Trygve Lie and Carlos Romulo

Harris & Ewing

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lasted long enough to put a little elastic into the charter. As a result the U.N. has been able to stretch, and maybe even to grow, in a rigid and hostile world.

This does not mean that the U.N. has justified the visions of the hopeful of San Francisco, or even that it has been able to conform to the procedures established by the charter. Another modest claim may perhaps be made, however, that, while it operates in a somewhat unexpected way, the U.N. does, on the whole, further its original purposes as well as, if not better than, any other institution for achieving agreement among the sovereign states that is working today.

It has not proved to be, in the words of the first article of the charter, "a center for harmonizing the actions of [all] nations," and it certainly has not produced any area of substantial agreement among the Big Five. But what is of vital, though perhaps of secondary, importance is that it has proved to be a center for harmonizing the actions of *some* of the nations.

When James F. Byrnes succeeded the late Edward R. Stettinius as Secretary of State, he remarked on his way to the first meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in London that he had spent his life working out agreements on Capitol Hill among stubborn men who disagreed, and that he felt confident that he could do the same in negotiating with the stubborn men who represented the most powerful nations.

After he had been in London for a few weeks conferring with Mr. Molotov, he was so astonished by what he heard that he decided it was impossible for the United States to formulate a policy toward Russia unless the issues were brought out into the open where they could be debated, and where the western peoples could read and understand the problems.

To accomplish this, he turned to the U.N. There, while the debates undoubtedly widened the gap between the Soviet and the western worlds, they certainly led to a very large area of agreement within America and within the western world. Mr. Byrnes had tried the instrument of private negotiation. He had tested his theories that good will and familiarity among negotiators would produce workable compromises, but he had found that good will sometimes is interpreted as weakness, and that personal familiarity sometimes really does breed contempt. The U.N. did not subsequently produce unanimity among the Big Five, but it produced a great deal of unanimity among the Other Four, and this was a secondary achievement of some importance.

Those who worshiped the U.N. because they thought it would develop a kind of sovereign power of its own, with authority to settle any conflict, even among the big states, are disappointed. There are others who sneer at the U.N. and dismiss it as a complete flop because it has not developed this authority. But surely another modest claim can be made for the organization: that while it certainly has not developed into a powerful agency with authority to enforce the rule of law over all states, it has contributed toward this goal.

The United States, for one, is certainly less willing and able, as a result of the public pressure developed through the U.N., to insist upon its sovereign right to do what it pleases regardless of the wishes of other states.

When Britain and France were challenged in the U.N. to get their troops out of Syria and Lebanon, they submitted to the opinion of the majority. There can, of course, be various opinions about the development of events in Indonesia and Palestine, but there are few informed persons who would assert that the U.N. did not contribute to a settlement of these issues.

Even the Soviet Union, following its historic expansionist tendencies toward the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, was hampered in developing those policies in Greece and Iran by the U.N. debates on the activities of the Red Army and its agents.

Moreover, the imponderables in the development of the U.N. are in some ways more important than the ponderables. After generations of attempts to elevate the principle of settling international disputes by legal arbitration, it is at least some advance that the United States, Britain, China, and France have agreed, under the U.N., to submit certain (admittedly limited) categories of disputes to the World Court, and to be bound by that court's decisions.

The small powers in the U.N., all of which had the power of veto under the covenant of the League of Nations, are now obliged under the charter of the U.N. to accept majority rule on matters affecting peace. And the individual, who after all is of some importance even in this mechanical age, now definitely has a right of petition under international law, which for many long generations he did not have.

Finally, in any fair judgment of the U.N.'s first four years, the published record of what was done is not sufficient. For the usefulness of the U.N. does not lie only in the disputes it settled but in the disputes it prevents. Maybe it is naive to assume that the Soviet Union planned adventures which were abandoned because of the adverse response that could be expected in the U.N. But there is good reason to believe that British policy toward India and Palestine might have been far bolder if Britain's representatives would not have had to defend stronger action at Lake Success.

This does not mean that the ideal some people saw at San Francisco has been achieved. The device of bloc-voting was resented at San Francisco, yet it has become a common practice. The formation of regional cliques for action on world questions was generally opposed four years ago. Yet the U.N. is today a network of regional groupings whose representatives act very much like the members of political parties in national parliaments.

In the light of the ideal of a world association of nations, all using the U.N. as an instrument for settling disputes of general interest, these developments are no doubt regrettable. But it does not necessarily follow that the formation of these blocs is an unrelieved misfortune. The blocs do tend to balance the efforts of those who have insisted on using the U.N. as an instrument of national policy. The blocs do, in a very real sense—as in the instance of the North Atlantic Treaty—put power behind the principles of the charter. They force at least a limited effort at collective action in support of peace, and while this is far from an ideal procedure, it may gradually lead to wide associations of sovereign nations under the U.N. and eventually to the greater limitations of national sovereignty that are necessary.

—James B. Reston

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Global Lobbyists

Projected to the halls of Lake Success, old-fashioned pressure tactics keep 'outriders' and 'elbow-men' busy and Assembly votes unpredictable

When Ambassador Philip C. Jessup straightened his lean, stooped, six-foot frame to shake hands with burly Jacob Malik one day last January, the gesture escaped the notice of the corps of international correspondents who customarily crowd the Delegates' Lounge at Lake Success. This was the initial "buttonholing" that led to the settlement of the Berlin crisis, but to most of the newspapermen who sip martinis in that discreetly-lighted gathering place for the representatives of fifty-nine nations, it looked like just another instance of lobbying at the United Nations.

The word "lobbying" has come to be used as a term of opprobrium, especially by those who don't agree with what the lobbyist is trying to get done. The technique which planted the word in our language grew out of the practice of buttonholing legislators in the lobbies outside of their offices. There is, of course, nothing illegal about it, as long as there is no bribery.

It is not particularly surprising, and in fact many Americans consider it a healthy sign, that lobbying, on strictly governmental lines, now flourishes in the lounges and corridors of the United Nations. It got started during the Paris Peace Conference in 1946, at which Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov referred with self-righteous scorn to the lobbying practices of Secretary Byrnes's delegation. He called the activities of Senators Connolly and Vandenburg the "gleaning of votes in the corridors." But before the conference was over, the Kremlin's delegates had received a useful lesson in practical politics. Since then the Slavs have been second to none in the art of consummating private deals with fellow delegates outside the public debating chambers.

Postwar diplomacy has been marred, or speeded up, depending on one's view, by the widespread adoption of American lobbying techniques. Private deals *dans les couloirs* are certainly nothing new in diplomacy, but to the Russians, who have been immured for twenty years behind the autocratic walls of the Kremlin, the practice has been an eye-opener. Accustomed to wearing down their opponents by the sheer force of arguments carried on into the small hours of the morning, the Russians, always quick to improvise, have now adopted lobbying as part of their armory of diplomatic weapons.

The dexterity of the Russians has not, of course, been as marked as that of men more familiar with lobbying techniques, like the Americans and British. The Americans, in particular, recognize the value of big battalions. Their large posses of political officers, known as "outriders" or "elbow-men," are regular features of the Assembly.

At a recent briefing of these officers at the State Department in Washington, they were informed that they must avoid twisting the arms of members of foreign delegations, unless the blue chips were really down. Some of the American corridor and lounge negotiations had become so unbridled that other U.N. members were complaining to the press.

Perhaps no single issue before an international conference has ever evoked such intense passion, and such concentrated lobbying, as the U.N.'s partition plan for Palestine. Some of the events that took place before the November, 1947, vote on the Holy Land have become part of the lore of the United Nations.

A possibly apocryphal story is told about Herschel Johnson, then the American deputy, who was arguing the American case for partition. Mr. Johnson walked out into the corridor during a recess, and immediately seized a familiar-looking personage by the lapel. For fifteen minutes, Mr. Johnson volubly presented the American case. When he finished, the other man stepped back and stammered: "But, of course, Sir, I couldn't agree more, Sir." Johnson's victim turned out to be an American political officer, who had just arrived from Washington to help in the final-stretch lobbying.

Few who attended those sessions will ever forget the frantic tailing of the Siamese delegation by the impassioned representatives of the Arab states. A revolution in Siam had just overthrown the government, and Siam's delegation had been immediately disowned. Confronted by the loss of a sure negative vote, which it would take two affirmative votes to overcome, the Arab states beseeched the Siamese at least to telephone Bangkok for permission to vote "no" on this single issue.

The harried Siamese chief delegate eventually closeted himself in a phone booth at Flushing Meadows, closing the door against a half-dozen men in turbans. Their desperate efforts were in vain; all communications with Bangkok were cut off during that last day of balloting.

The practice of lobbying may be roughly divided into three categories: the "exchange of views," the "deal," and "arm-twisting." The last is strictly a last-resort device.

The first method, as its name implies, usually means keeping the dele-

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gates of other powers informed of the point of view of one's own state. For example, a U. S. political officer may casually approach a foreign delegate to acquaint him with the background of this country's position. The delicacy of the approach varies with the importance of the subject. In a relatively minor matter, it may be a mere statement of fact. On more important measures, the delegate may be told that the political officer has been sent to see him by the Secretary of State.

The "deal" on the other hand, is generally negotiated on a higher level. A delegate, or even a foreign minister himself, may invite another for a drink and then arrange to horse-trade votes. The "deal" implies a gentlemen's agreement between responsible representatives, but even foreign ministers have been known to weasel on these commitments by such tactics as complying with their promise only on the first ballot, and afterwards explaining that last-minute instructions from their governments forced them to abandon their previous stands. As for "exchanges of views" arranged by minor political officers, post-mortem cries of "ratting" have been raised in as high as five out of ten tentative promises.

The kaleidoscopic switching of votes in tight U.N. ballots that demand two-thirds majorities often produces frantic scenes, as political officers scramble to extract promises on the second and third ballots.

It is the last category of lobbying, "arm twisting," which has drawn the most protest from the delegates of smaller nations. Naturally their arms cannot be bent except by the representatives of more powerful countries. Even though "arm-twisting" may be diplomatically done, it usually represents threats that range from the withholding of loans or technical aid, to mentions of the pressure that will be brought on the delegate's government by representations in his capital.

As an example of the diplomatic approach, the following scene in the U.N. Delegates' Lounge might be typical:

Political officer "A" approaches Delegate "B," offers him a cigarette and says: "My superiors are interested in your government's attitude toward a couple of questions. The first is your outlook on the future disposition of Italian Somaliland. The second is how you'd feel about some technical assistance."

Of course, there are occasions when outright pressure is brought on a foreign delegation by a member of Congress. The statements of Senator Brewster after the Dutch attack on the Indonesian Republic are a case in point. The Maine Republican made a public demand for the withholding of Marshall Plan aid to the Netherlands.

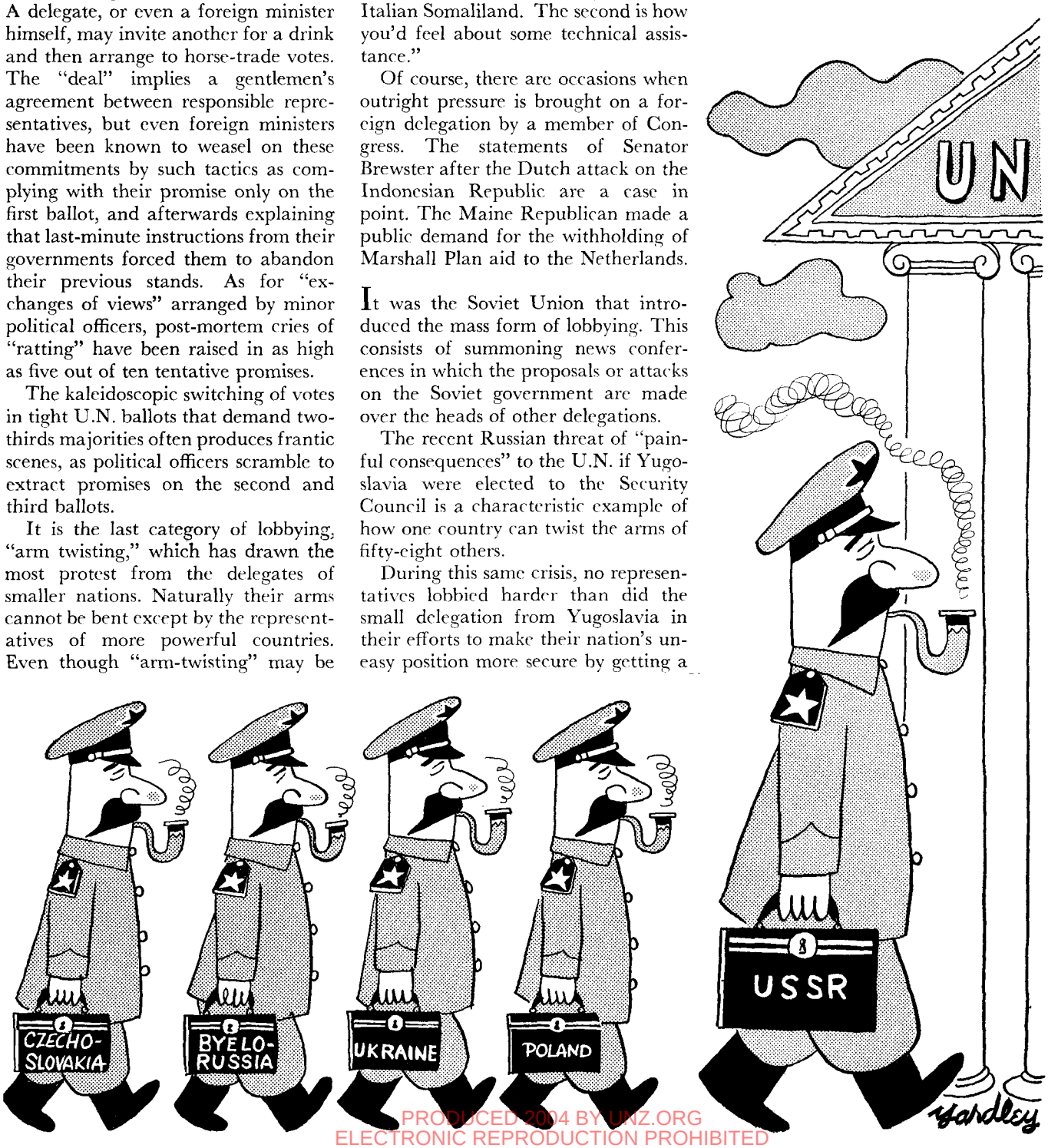
It was the Soviet Union that introduced the mass form of lobbying. This consists of summoning news conferences in which the proposals or attacks on the Soviet government are made over the heads of other delegations.

The recent Russian threat of "painful consequences" to the U.N. if Yugoslavia were elected to the Security Council is a characteristic example of how one country can twist the arms of fifty-eight others.

During this same crisis, no representatives lobbied harder than did the small delegation from Yugoslavia in their efforts to make their nation's uneasy position more secure by getting a seat on the Security Council. There have been few transformations more nearly magical than that of the Yugoslavs from silent satellites of Russia into free-speaking, drink-buying American-type lobbyists.

The practice of lobbying has, in fact, become so firmly ingrained at the United Nations that scarcely any recent event has aroused more speculation than the refusal of Russia's candidate, Czechoslovakia, to lobby for a council seat in its own behalf.

—A U.N. Correspondent



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Victory in Indonesia

The Indonesians and Dutch might still be shooting it out if it weren't for the U.N. Commission and Merle Cochran

One day last July, a four-engined transport plane with a big, white "U.N." painted on its side flew over the mountains and terraced rice fields of central Java toward the upland city of Jogjakarta. On board were the three members of the United Nations Commission for Indonesia. Up front in a bucket seat sat the thin, dark Australian delegate, Tom Critchley, friend of the Indonesians, youngest of the commission in age, but a veteran in months of service. A little way down, the Belgian delegate, Raymond Herremans, had his nose buried in a volume of Proust. He is a big, round, amiable man, who loves his comfort. He looked unhappy. Opposite the door sat the American member, Merle Cochran, talking to his aide.

The commission was about to witness one of the few real triumphs of its two-year effort at mediation between Dutch and Indonesians: the return of the President and Premier of the Indonesian Republic to their capital. Two months before, under strong pressure from the United States and the United Nations, the Dutch had agreed to restore the Republic of Indonesia and to release the Republican leaders, who had been held captive on the island of Banka since the second Dutch "police action." In the weeks since the agreement, the commission had been hard at work ironing out the details of the transfer of power. Republican troops had just repossessed Jogjakarta and were now preparing a warm welcome for President Achmed Soekarno and Premier Mohammed Hatta.

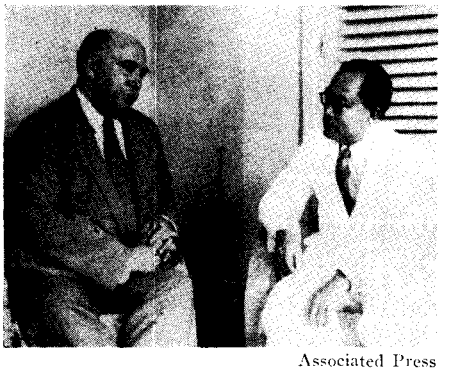
At the bombed airport, where the Dutch attack first had struck in December, 1948, the U.N. officials were warmly received by the handsome young Sultan of Jogjakarta, who had taken over the government temporarily when the Dutch troops withdrew. As the commission drove up to Jogjakarta's only hotel, workmen were tacking up a new sign over the doorway. This was an old routine for them. Originally the Grand, the hotel had been rechristened the Merdeka, or Freedom, when the Republic was established in 1945; renamed the Grand by the Dutch when they took Jogjakarta in December; and was now once more the Merdeka. By now the hotel could offer each guest only one sheet and no blankets, and, at the bar, a single brand marked in red, "Genuine Scotch Whisky, Aged. Bottled by Budweiser, 1949."

While Javanese women in printed sarongs twined flowers around the pillars of the Presidential palace, Cochran and his colleagues checked with U.N. assistants and Republican leaders on arrangements for Soekarno's return. The restoration of the Republic was a tricky affair, and neither Cochran nor the Republican leaders were sure that it was going to work out. The government had returned to find the city stripped; modern means of transport confiscated or destroyed; power plants, bridges, and rail lines burned or blown up by Indonesians in the scorched-earth campaign against the Dutch.

The Indonesians had pledged themselves to reconstruct a government, but they could only hope to succeed if the Dutch co-operated. In the weeks of preliminary conferences at Batavia and Jogja, commission members had presided over working teams of Dutch and Indonesians, trying to hammer out the practical details. They had tried to find out how many trucks, telephones, desks, and typewriters the Indonesians would need to get started again, and what the Dutch would be willing to give; what currency would be used in payment; and finally, how the area of Jogjakarta, surrounded as it was by Dutch troops, would get its food.

Between Republican complaints about the transfer arrangements, various U.N. military observers who were supervising the withdrawal of Dutch forces dropped in to report. Although the withdrawal was mainly successful, a constant stream of minor incidents kept the observers hopping. In the heart of the city, twelve Republican irregulars had attacked four Dutch soldiers, and a U.N. team rushed to investigate. A land mine exploded in the suburbs, killing two Republican soldiers, and almost instantly starting a rumor that the Dutch had mined the city before leaving. It took the observers many tense hours to prove the rumor false.

These incidents pointed up the need for a general cease-fire agreement that would halt the fighting throughout Java and Sumatra. It was the first time in seven months that the commission had been able to sit down with the high command of the Republican Army to discuss a general truce. Someone asked



Associated Press

Cochran and Hatta

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for the Republican commander-in-chief, General Soedirman, and an Indonesian officer answered bitterly, "It would take him a week to walk here from where he is now." The problem was not only to persuade Republican authorities to agree to the cease-fire, but then to get word of a truce to the widely-scattered Republican forces.

Despite the commission's jitters, the next day's welcome ceremonies for Soekarno, Hatta, and the other exiled leaders passed without incident. The leaders arrived by U.N. plane. They received a tumultuous reception from the city and a pledge of support from the Republican Army. With sighs of relief, the members of the commission shook hands with the President and started back toward their headquarters in Batavia.

European

To U. N. observers, the Dutch 'police action' looked like war

There, the Hotel des Indes has been both home and office for members of the commission since 1947. By numerical standards, the U.N. operation in Indonesia is small. In addition to the three delegates and their aides, who are chosen and paid by their respective governments, there is a twelve- or thirteen-man secretariat, staffed and paid by the U.N. The military observers are assigned by the various governments, and take orders only from their commanding officers. Although they are by no means a U.N. force, the U.N. pays the bill for their food, transportation, and allowance. The budget for the entire operation last year was $235,000.

The Security Council originally defined the commission as something between a neutral advisory body and a mediation group. It cannot make formal proposals in its own name; the one time it tried that, the Security Council failed to back it up. So the job boils down to influencing the two parties on the spot. With its limited powers and the lack of worldwide interest in Indonesia, the commission could easily have become a dead letter. But there was one man on it who was able to compel both sides to listen.

Ever since he was appointed in August, 1948, Merle Cochran has functioned as boss of the commission. In part this is due to the fact that the United States was chosen as the neutral *third* party when the Good Offices Commission was first set up in 1947. The Australians, who were chosen by the Republic, and the Belgians, nominated by the Dutch, have tended to cancel each other out and leave the deciding vote in the hands of the Americans. Cochran's influence, however, is probably due more to his personality than to his country's prestige. The two-hundred-pound former Foreign Service inspector is a man of inexhaustible patience and tact, with a talent for keeping himself in the background. Looking down on his enormous paunch he said one day, "I think there's something in this theory that fat protects the nerve ends. My predecessor [Coert du Bois] worked himself into a nervous breakdown on this job, but I think I'm bearing up pretty well."

When Cochran is in Batavia, he works and lives in a one-room-and-terrace suite in the Hotel des Indes. Here he receives Indonesian and Dutch officials for informal talks. Last year, when Dr. Louis J. M. Beel was appointed Dutch High Commissioner to succeed Hubertus J. van Mook, Cochran arranged the first meeting between Beel and Indonesian Premier Hatta. "Neither man would make the first move to arrange a meeting," says Cochran, "so I invited them both over here and locked them up alone on that terrace over there for a couple of hours. After that, we made progress."

Although he prefers such mild tactics, Cochran can wield a club if necessary. Last December, when the Dutch launched their "police action," Cochran was the only member of the commission in Batavia. He wrote a stinging report of his own (later endorsed by his colleagues) to the Security Council, accusing the Dutch of bad faith and of violating their promises to put all disputes to arbitration. He scathingly refuted the Dutch arguments that the Republic had refused to co-operate and that peaceful means of negotiation had been exhausted.

The Security Council, at an emergency session, called on both sides to cease hostilities, and told the Dutch to release the political prisoners captured in their sudden swoop on Jogjakarta. The next month, when the Security Council convened at Lake Success, it had before it another caustic report from the commission pointing out that neither the cease-fire nor the release of prisoners had been put into effect.

Held back by the reluctance of other colonial powers to take action against the Dutch, the Security Council's resolutions were hardly as tough-minded as the reports from the field. But in the meantime a powerful weapon was invoked. The United States cut off forty million dollars in ECA funds that had been earmarked for the Netherlands Indies. This American ac-

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tion, plus the spreading guerrilla warfare in Indonesia, persuaded the Dutch to change course. In Cochran's opinion, the most decisive factor was the fact that the Dutch were running out of money; they could no longer afford to maintain a supply line for 120,000 men halfway round the world.

Late in March the able Dutch delegate to the Security Council, Dr. J. H. van Royen, was sent out to Batavia with full powers to negotiate with the Republic and with instructions to arrange a round-table conference at The Hague, based on a promise of Indonesian independence at the end of the year. Although van Royen and Cochran held widely-divergent viewpoints, the two men began to trust and admire each other in the course of the ticklish negotiations in Batavia last spring and summer. Cochran, appreciating the difficulties van Royen was having in persuading old colonial hands that a new policy was needed, played along with him by trying to make the Republicans come across with concessions that would strengthen van Royen's position with the Dutch government at home. Van Royen spoke warmly of Cochran's tact and of his efforts to persuade the suspicious Indonesians that the Dutch at last were acting in good faith. Cochran never did succeed in wheedling van Royen into visiting the Republican leaders in their island exile, but his pressure had one result: Van Royen made the pilgrimage to Jogjakarta after the Republican "restoration," and, on his return to Batavia, pronounced Soekarno and Hatta "interesting."

Cochran's influence with the Republicans is occasionally a source of embarrassment to him. When the Republicans were trying to decide on a date for the restoration at Jogjakarta, they chose July 4, as a tribute to the United States. Cochran, insisting that the mediation had been a U.N., rather than an American, achievement, persuaded them to change the date, which they did, to July 6. A week after his return, Soekarno discovered that July 6 was Cochran's birthday, and the Indonesian President sent him a warm telegram of congratulations and thanks for everything he had done.

It is sometimes hard to figure out whether Cochran is a U.N. representative or an American diplomat, for he wears his two cloaks interchangeably. In effect, what he has done is to use U.N. machinery to intervene in an area where the United States would otherwise have had no direct voice. Cochran has had great influence in forming American policy on Indonesia because he provides the State Department with the only solid political reporting from a country where neither the American consular staff nor the press amounts to much. He has been given a very free hand in working out the day-to-day details of that policy. Cochran believes that the United States was taking the only possible course in pushing for Indonesian independence. The Dutch, he says, could not possibly have re-established colonial rule, and a continuation of a state of chaos would only have played into the hands of extremist groups. He considers the present leaders of the Indonesian independence movement both moderate and intelligent, although inevitably the country's level of efficiency will drop when they take over. The greatest danger is that the standard of living will fall so disastrously after independence that moderate leaders will be unseated, and it is in the economic field that Cochran feels that the United States must stand ready to come to Indonesia's aid.

The final, knotty details of the Indonesian solution were worked out at the recently-ended round-table conference in The Hague, where representatives of seventy million Indonesians met with the Dutch to establish a United States of Indonesia in a formal transfer of sovereignty near the end of the year. The conference was not held under the auspices of the U.N., but the UNCI members sat in as a high-level mediating body.

European

In spite of Dutch willingness to grant independence, the difficulties in the way of agreement were enormous. The Indonesians wanted complete political sovereignty, with, at most, a symbolic tie to the Dutch crown, and complete economic independence. The Dutch, who were anxious to protect their large investments and the thousands of Dutchmen who live in Indonesia, asked for guarantees and for some permanent machinery to link the two countries. Cochran pursued a hands-off policy until the conference seemed on the verge of breaking down over the question of debts. Then he stepped in with a compromise proposal. Fortunately, both sides seemed to realize that if the conference failed, Indonesia would lapse into such chaos that only the Communists could hope to gain. As the meetings ended on November 2, the only open question was the inclusion of Dutch New Guinea in the settlement: After prolonged wranglings it had been agreed to postpone the decision for a year—another Cochran compromise.

With the conference successfully ended, Cochran will probably move on to his next job: he is now Ambassador-designate to Pakistan. UNCI may be asked to stay on to supervise the elections for the first Indonesian Assembly, but the major part of its job seems to have been accomplished. The mediation techniques used by the United Nations in Indonesia have not been completely effective. For one thing, the military-observer system has proved inadequate; there have been too few men on the job, and they have lacked the training in political reporting the job requires.

Many U.N. officials think that Cochran has done the commission a disservice by taking too much of the power into his own hands, and by virtually ignoring the other two members. Others accuse the United States of using U.N. machinery for its own "imperialistic" purposes. But the experience in Indonesia has proved that a U.N. commission is as good as the best man on it, and that, given a good man, such a body can be a useful and effective instrument. —VIOLET PRICE

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Next Feature—Mrs. Roosevelt

Whether visitors consider the U.N. a shrine or a sideshow, the box office usually has to handle capacity audiences

The other day I stopped in to see Daniel Walsh, a rotund and affable man who manages one of the busiest box offices in the world, and whose customers pay nothing for their tickets. Mr. Walsh is in charge of public admissions to the meetings of the United Nations.

He was on the phone talking to a Congressman when I got to his office at Lake Success. "Well, all six committees of the General Assembly are meeting today," he was saying, "but I think you'd like Mrs. Roosevelt's Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee best." The Congressman settled for Mrs. Roosevelt, and Mr. Walsh hung up.

"Mrs. Roosevelt and the interpreting machines—those are the main attractions. And a Russian—they all want to see what a real, live Russian looks like." Mr. Walsh added that he is handling about three thousand visitors a day right now, while the General Assembly is meeting. "It's all right when we have a plenary session in at Flushing. We've got 866 seats there, and if we shuttle people in and out, we can handle everybody. But out here we can only run about a hundred in each committee." Mr. Walsh has a staff of as many as twenty girls on busy days to take care of people who call FLushing 8-2000, extension 92, for tickets.

The phone rang, but at first he paid no attention to it. "The trouble is they never tell us what's coming up in time," he said. "Ten o'clock at night they decide to have a plenary session, complete with fireworks by Vishinsky. But it's all over before the people know about it. Some of our best days we play to an empty house."

Mr. Walsh finally picked up the phone, arranged for the guests of a South American delegate, and then told me with some pride that there were three hundred thousand visitors to the U.N. last year. I asked him if the visitors ever made any trouble for him. "We get a few religious fanatics shouting prayers in the meetings—but not many political outbursts. Whenever there's a demonstration, it's the delegates themselves who start it. During the General Assembly we don't let in school kids from less than the senior year of high school. The younger ones are always popping their bubble gum and pestering the delegates for autographs."

The phone rang again, and again Mr. Walsh ignored it for a while. "Little while ago I got a call from a girl in junior high. Wanted to know if her class came out, could they be sure to see a current event? They had to report to the social science teacher on some current event. I told her we specialized in current events."

This call was from four members of the school board of a small city in Iowa, passing through on their way to a convention.

"We can't give these people the brush-off," he said apologetically when he finished with them. "They have to go back to Iowa with a good feeling. It's like pilgrims at a shrine."

In the visitors' lounge off the main lobby, thirty or forty people were crowded around an attractive gray-haired lady. She was Miss Betty Hitchcock, director of the volunteer guides provided by the American Association for the United Nations.

Miss Hitchcock led our group across the lobby into the elegantly appointed auditorium of the Security Council for a briefing session. Some teen-age girls were having a rather heated discussion near my seat in the auditorium. One girl leaned over to another and said in a loud, exasperated whisper, "Well, I mean after all, Margaret, if you haven't got *some* kind of international body, what *have* you got? I mean we've got to take care of all these international problems *somehow*, haven't we?"

A Chinese woman named Mrs. Teng, who seemed about the size of a large doll, greeted the audience of several hundred visitors, mostly women. She named off the groups who were there—forty-one ladies from the Women's Club of Ocean Grove, New Jersey; thirty-five from the Islip (Long Island) Methodist Church; twenty-five "Ninety-nines," who turned out to be lady airplane pilots; and fifty representatives of the Hartford County Home Bureau. "But we already know all about ourselves," said Mrs. Teng. "We came here to find out about the United Nations. And so I would like to present Dr. Ernest Kalibala, from Uganda, who is an Area Specialist for the Trusteeship Council. I'm sure he will give you a very interesting talk."

Dr. Kalibala, an immense and extremely black gentleman in a double-breasted blue serge suit, suddenly rose behind Mrs. Teng at the microphone like a real person looming up on a marionette stage. Mrs. Teng sat down and Dr. Kalibala proceeded to give some rather disconnected comments on the U.N. Charter, the plight of the native African populations, and "the role of Christianity in the world today." As he spoke, the Ninety-nines and even a few of the Methodists began to shift uneasily in their seats. Mrs. Teng smiled remotely. When the speech was over, she led the applause

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and said, "Thank you, Dr. Kalibala, for a very interesting talk."

As we hurried out of the Security Council Chamber, a young woman said to her escort, a stocky boy in a corduroy jacket, "Very interesting indeed! I'll very-interesting them!"

I took a seat in the visitors' section of the Social Committee directly behind five nuns. The room was about the size of a basketball court, with a large oval ring of desks in the middle for the delegates of the fifty-nine nations. Behind the delegates' desks were chairs for their advisers. Every delegate, adviser, and visitor had a set of headphones and a dial to tune in the five official languages of the United Nations. When the chairman called the meeting to order and began to speak in Spanish, we all put on our headphones and played with the dials. Interpreters sitting in glassed-in booths at one end of the room were translating the Spanish into English, French, Russian, and Chinese. The nuns had difficulty getting the phones on over their wimples.

The committee was considering an international convention to outlaw prostitution. One delegate, speaking meticulous English, recalled that at a previous session a proposal by France to register prostitutes for regular medical inspection had been voted down by a majority of the other nations, including the United States and the U.S.S.R., who were against the whole thing. The nuns, the Ninety-nines, and the Methodist ladies nodded in solemn and slightly embarrassed understanding.

Then the chairman recognized the delegate of the United States. The visitors sat up and craned their necks to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Roosevelt. She suggested that, "the phrase 'letters rogatory' be substituted for the phrase 'letters of request' in Article Fourteen." The nuns murmured excitedly.

As the discussion droned on into intricate, legalistic considerations, many of the visitors got up to leave, and others took their places. When the nuns departed, one of them got her rosary beads caught in the wires. Outside in the corridor, near the delegates' lounge, one of the Ninety-nines said to her companion, "Did you see the Russian? He was sitting over there just two seats away from Mrs. Roosevelt."

—ROBERT K. BINGHAM

Six Years to Change the World

Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet, a forty-seven-year-old Mexican poet, educator, and diplomat, is somewhat in the position of a man who has been ordered to move a mountain with a teaspoon. He is Director General of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, which was ceremoniously founded three years ago on the not-undisputed theory that humanity abominates war and that war can be stopped if enough hopeful people bring their mental and moral resources to bear, in unison, against it. In Torres Bodet's words, UNESCO was conceived "to build the defenses of peace in the minds of men."

This sounds perhaps a little as if Torres Bodet hoped to get the world to stretch out on a couch and be psychoanalyzed. Once humanity's collective fears and frustrations were dredged up, examined, and shrunk to true proportions, this theory seems to run, tensions could be relaxed and the global ego and id brought into proper balance with reality. This idea would stagger most people, but Dr. Torres Bodet is obviously convinced that, within certain limitations, it is worth a try. He has tackled the assignment with a fervor that already has shaken the Majestic Hotel, UNESCO's headquarters in Paris, and which may ultimately shake the widespread idea that poets are languid and ineffectual visionaries.

"God created the universe in six days," a friend of the director general recently remarked, "and if Don Jaime can't change it in six years, he will be disappointed." Six years is the doctor's term of office.

The remark illustrates Torres Bodet's sense of urgency, but it is somewhat exaggerated. "The D.G.", as his staff calls him, has said repeatedly that UNESCO cannot be expected to perform miracles. "We are not merchants of daydreams," he declared impatiently at UNESCO's fourth general conference in Paris in September.

Despite such cautions, the impression lingers, among those who have had contacts with it, that there is something mystical and often a little mad about the actions of UNESCO. This belief is usually laid to the fact that Dr. Julian Huxley, the celebrated British biologist and bird fancier who was UNESCO's first director, knew a good deal more about ornithology than he did about administrative organization. In the early days, coveys of rare intellectual birds were often to be seen aimlessly winging their way about the corridors of the Majestic. It is only fair to remark, though, that in the agency's formative months, exploratory flights had to be made in all directions.

When Torres Bodet took over from Dr. Huxley in December, 1948, he marveled sincerely at the diversity of project ideas that had been hatched out, but he made it clear that UNESCO's first phase of dispersed experiment was about to end, and that the time had come to start work on a practical program. This involved putting such abstract ideas as "truth and justice," "human rights," "international understanding," and "world peace" into three-dimensional packages that the public would buy.

Such an undertaking necessitated an alert, ambitious, and co-ordinated secretariat. Under Dr. Huxley, UNESCO had been somewhat like an Oxford seminar, and many of the seven-hundred-odd employees devoted quite a few office hours to philosophical

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discussions of destiny, or to the cultivation of their own esoteric global boondoggles. "Let's face it," one American UNESCO veteran recalls, "the atmosphere was so woolly a lot of people didn't know what they were doing."

Torres Bodet's arrival upon this scene had some of the impact of a Central American military *coup*. First he canceled all Christmas leaves. He fired people, sometimes impulsively. He began showing up at his office, the converted cream-colored Louis XIV bridal suite from which General Otto von Stülpnagel had once ruled occupied France, at 7:30 a.m. He usually worked by himself for a couple of hours, and then at 9:30, the official start of UNESCO's day, started summoning his lieutenants to conferences. He began discovering that most of them weren't in at that hour. Incensed, he asked the receptionists to make an unofficial check of tardiness. A disturbingly large proportion of the staff was found to be arriving as much as an hour late.

A zealous subordinate suggested installing a time clock, or having the guards take the names of stragglers. Torres Bodet, an orderly man himself, rejected anything smacking of regimentation or secret-police methods, but he got off a pointed memo to all department heads. The director general's philosophy was that UNESCO should be a vocation, not just a career; if a man wanted to work late at night, that was fine, but it was no reason for him not to be on deck promptly the next day.

The D.G.'s devotion to duty and to punctuality were not recently acquired virtues. His Latin heritage had been tempered by the kinetic energy peculiar to natives of the district of Catalan (his mother was a French Catalan, his father a Catalan from Spain). Not only does Torres Bodet hold it unthinkable to put off till tomorrow that which can be done today, he would prefer to have had it done yesterday, if possible.

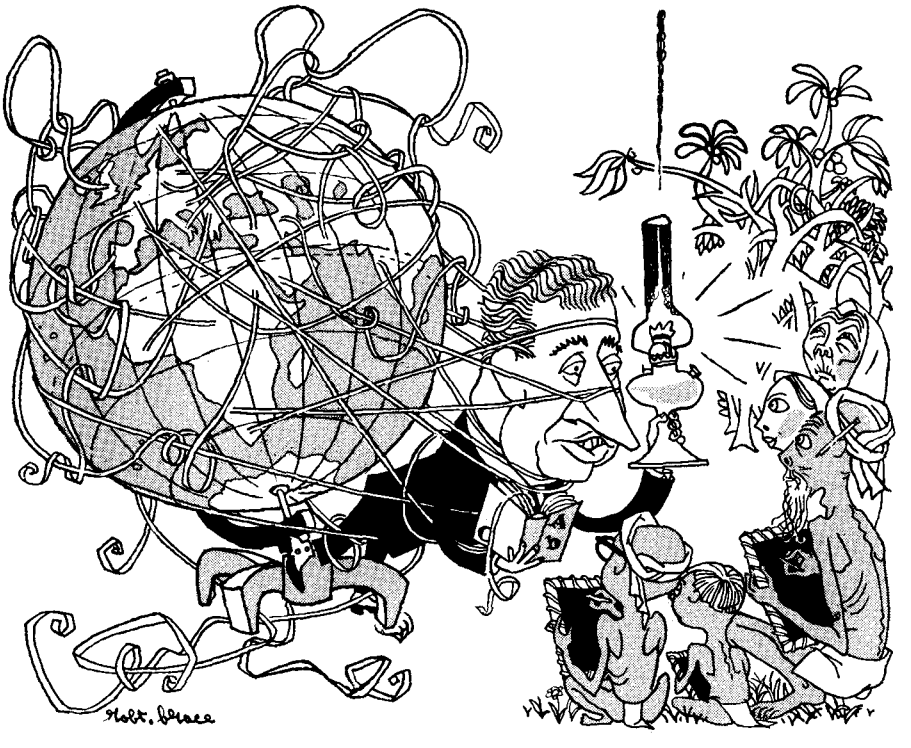
Torres Bodet would undoubtedly have made a highly successful businessman, but his youthful inclinations were entirely toward poetry and literature. In Latin America, where poets are almost as numerous as politicians, competition is vigorous, but Bodet's cold brilliance and his balanced style won his verse early recognition even in Spain and France. At the age of nineteen he translated several of André Gide's works into Spanish. Three years later he was teaching French literature at the University of Mexico.

His first exposure to bureaucracy came in 1922, when he was made a functionary in the Mexican Ministry of Education. The minister, a volatile scholar named José Vasconcelos, spawned many grandiose ideas for schooling the masses, but, between budget troubles and dilatory underlings, little got done. Don Jaime began to learn the value of forcefulness and simplification in surmounting red tape and deficits. Twenty-one years later, when he himself became Education Minister, he achieved the considerable feat of teaching 1,100,000 Mexicans to read and write, with funds that would scarcely have bought schoolbooks for the city of Columbus, Ohio for the same period of time. He supervised a sort of chain system through which bankers coached errand boys, postmistresses tutored housewives, and the students in turn taught somebody else. Here was the practical approach.

The fact that a billion people—nearly half of the world's population—are still illiterate is to Torres Bodet a monstrous mockery of the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights. He would like to apply globally the tactics he found so successful in Mexico, but he cannot. Bombay educators figure it takes nine rupees—about two dollars—to make one Indian literate. At that rate, a universal campaign would cost two billion dollars, or 250 times the eight million UNESCO got for all of its activities in 1950. Also, UNESCO has no executive power; it can do nothing without the approval of the majority of its fifty member nations, among whom there is seldom unanimity. The French dispute Torres Bodet's inclination to give mass education top priority. Characteristically, they are usually more concerned with the advanced stages of culture. The Americans, who want immediate action and audible, visible results, push the "free flow of mass communications"—more radios, newspapers, and books.

Out of this flux is emerging a series of "pilot projects" which the director general hopes to use as window dressing for more ambitious programs later on. Each new idea must pass a triple test: Will it promote the welfare of the masses? Will it enlist the co-operation of intellectual leaders on humanity's behalf? Will it produce tangible results quickly?

People, Torres Bodet knows, are bored with conferences and communiqués. They are indifferent to scare stories (however true) about the



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world's ills. The figure of a billion illiterates is too big for the mind to grasp. When concentrated in Haiti's Marbial Valley, a dreary tropical wilderness where twenty-six thousand natives—about the population of Boise, Idaho—are barely grubbing out an existence, the troubles are easier to see. Here, against great odds (once the entire field staff was down with malaria), UNESCO has started a fundamental educational experiment, with help from the World Health and Food and Agriculture Organizations. Besides their A.B.C.'s, the peasants are learning how to hold a saw, how to combat erosion, and how to kill the anopheles mosquito. The initial success has been so swift that neighbors from over the hills, hearing about more crops and less malaria, have begun crowding into Marbial Valley before there is room for them.

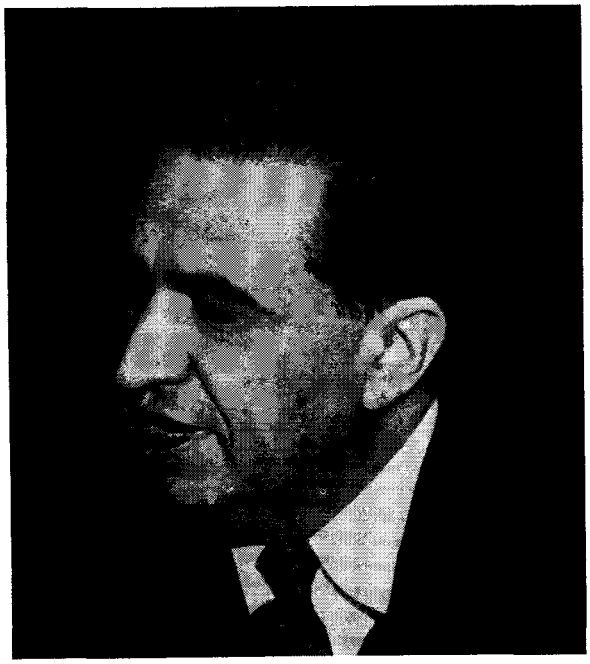
This is the kind of result that drives Torres Bodet to a still faster pace. "He's killing us," a colleague mourned the other day, "but we can't complain because he is so consecrated to the job himself." The director has stopped coming to work with the milkman, but he arrives well before 9:30, and rarely leaves before eight at night. Dictating in Spanish and French, he keeps two secretaries busy, full-time. He often takes work home to his apartment on the Avenue Marshal Foch and sits up with it past midnight.

Once, after a particularly gruelling day, when he was trying to clear his desk and catch a train for a conference in Geneva, he turned to an assistant who stood beside him, wilting with fatigue. "You know," he said, almost apologetically, "I sometimes find I get very tired. Does this ever happen to you?"

"It was a heartening experience," the man recalled later. "I had come to believe he was an automaton." It is a little strange, perhaps, that a person so obsessed with humanity's problems as Torres Bodet does not radiate much feeling of human warmth himself. He has been likened to the late Fiorello H. LaGuardia, but beyond his dynamism and impulsiveness, the comparison doesn't hold. He would no more think of chasing a fire engine than he would of addressing Congress in his underwear. He respects protocol. His punctiliousness in answering invitations, which often includes the sending of flowers, has amazed and charmed many a harassed diplomatic hostess.

A brilliant man, Torres Bodet is far from colorful. He is of medium height and stocky frame, and wears trim, dark, double-breasted suits. His wavy black hair is threaded with gray. His expression is at once distant and intense, but less mobile than one would expect from his large face, with its almost theatrically heavy brows, thick lips, and flashing, even teeth. His voice, rich and full, is at its best in cadenced Spanish or French oratory.

He smokes two packs of cigarettes a day, plus occasional cigars, drinks lightly, and has a reputation as a gourmet. But he never lets his taste for good food interfere with his complete concentration on work. During a U.N. meeting in New York, one of the Mexican delegates took his countrymen to a sumptuous restaurant that is famous for its French cuisine. Next day it was Torres Bodet's turn as host. "Let me see," he reflected, "did you like what you had yesterday? *Bueno.* We'll return to the same restaurant and have the same things today."



Harris & Ewing

Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet

Torres Bodet likes to drive his American car for relaxation, which he somehow seems to get from bucking French traffic, but he gets more pleasure from the theater, concerts, and reading. He has had some two thousand books out of his own library shipped from Mexico City to Paris. He never gets far from his work. Last summer, he and his wife, a pleasant, unobtrusive woman who is a descendant of the Mexican patriot, Benito Juárez, went to Biarritz for a week's vacation. The staff was just preparing to draw some deep breaths when Torres Bodet began bombarding the office with long-distance telephone calls about UNESCO's program—for 1951.

His seemingly high-handed tactics at first earned Torres Bodet a reputation as a tyrant. (A Spanish-speaking employee is supposed to have nicknamed him *Toro,* or Bull, Bodet.) UNESCO employs quite a few sensitive intellectuals who at first resented being told how their jobs should be done. But today the atmosphere is easier around the Majestic's mirrored halls.

"The D.G. has never kept a suggestion box," one of his closest friends explains. "He considers himself the boss and he firmly exercises the principle of 'forthright leadership,' but he doesn't want to be surrounded by yes-men. When he broaches a subject it never occurs to him that somebody with objections would hesitate to voice them. Now they're catching on."

In September, UNESCO opened an exposition in Paris dramatizing the "Rights of Man." A young British architect named ClibeEntwistle, who planned the show, conceived as its introductory exhibit an illuminated globe enclosed in a plaster mold that looked like an egg. Apprehensive of wisecracks about eggs of various kinds that UNESCO might have laid, Torres Bodet vetoed the display. But Entwistle described eloquently how, while clay figures of Man and Woman were suspended in space beside the spinning globe, a hidden voice would recite the first three articles of the Declaration of Human Rights. "We need it," he said, "to give the whole thing perspective." Torres Bodet surrendered.

It may have been the mention of

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perspective that did it. His days choked with petty detail, Torres Bodet must every so often try to focus on the world as a whole. In trying to kindle a spirit of co-operation among many kinds of men, he must deal with such seemingly unrelated subjects as organic manure, snake-bite serum, low-temperature-resistant soya beans, and a universal standard of musical pitch. He is obliged one day to greet an international convention of telecommunications experts, rub shoulders the next with savants of copyright law, and then fling a challenge to a gathering of art critics from thirty-five or forty countries.

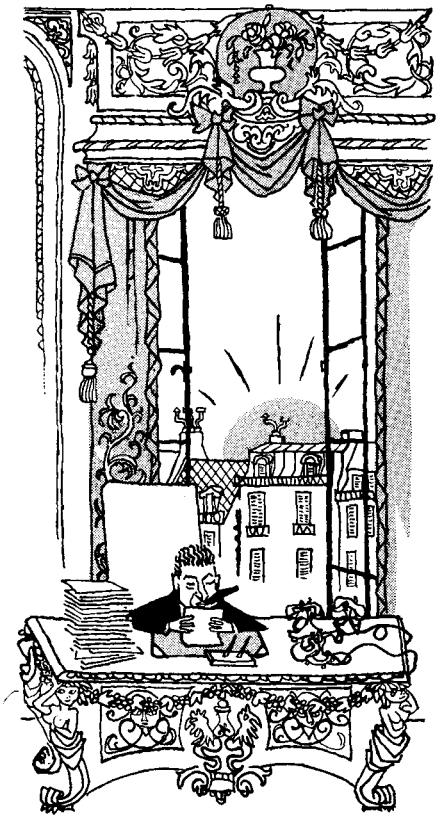
Torres Bodet's potential influence is, of course, immense. He is kept going by thoughts of the untold benefits that may spring from scientific exploration of the Amazon, or even from teaching a Haitian Creole to sign his name. In Germany, where the ticklish task of "de-Nazifying" textbooks is still being confronted, UNESCO has more prestige than the occupying powers, who are still distrusted by the Germans.

In the prefabricated corridors at Lake Success, speculative whispers are naming Jaime Torres Bodet as a possible successor to Trygve Lie, when the Norwegian's term as Secretary-General of the U.N. expires in 1951. The backing comes mostly from the Latin American bloc, which was impressed and excited by the concept of technical assistance to backward areas that Torres Bodet described in a speech to the Economic and Social Council in Geneva last July. "A distinction has to be made between the idea of economic *enterprise,* which is confined to the mere exploitation of resources," Torres Bodet said, "and that of economic *development,* which necessarily implies social progress . . ." To Latin American nations, historically conditioned to fear "Yankee imperialism" and consequently suspecting that some imperialistic trick was hidden in President Truman's Point Four program, these were reassuring words.

Other nations have been impressed by Torres Bodet's adroitness in composing national differences on UNESCO issues. His stature in Moscow is probably neither larger nor smaller than that of the average western statesman right now. He wishes Russia belonged to UNESCO, and he keeps bombarding the U.N. Information Center in Moscow with every UNESCO publication manufactured, including "peace-theme" posters. So far, the Kremlin has failed to take the hint, and the delegations of Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, the only Soviet satellites which do belong to UNESCO, walked out of a recent Paris conference when UNESCO activities in Germany were being discussed. As to his personal ambitions, the D.G. is as discreet as a scrupulous diplomat should be; until a few days before his appointment, not even his wife knew that he was a candidate for the UNESCO post. He was not, interestingly enough, a "find" of the Americans, who at the time were voting for an Indian. He was put forward as a compromise candidate by the French.

Whatever his future, Torres Bodet's first year in UNESCO points up the vital fact that there are limits to the efficacy of international bureaucracy. "One World" is a noble concept, but international red tape can be even more strangling than the standard garden variety. It once took a UNESCO official a year to put through a subscription to *The Christian Science Monitor* for his office. A further housecleaning might give the organization a vitality and direction it still lacks; Torres Bodet rather despairs of carrying this through, partly because the firing of deadwood employees might precipitate international incidents.

Instead of being able to concentrate its not-inconsiderable talents one hundred per cent on projects dedicated



to the welfare of mankind, UNESCO spends literally months drafting papers and inventing exhibits—coyly termed "justification projects"—designed to convince member nations at the annual conferences that particular schemes are important enough to deserve an appropriation in the next budget. Apart from the outlays by individual governments for their delegations, these international promotion meetings, together with subsidiary conferences, cost UNESCO nearly a third of a million dollars every year.

Still, Torres Bodet bravely reaffirms his faith in the future of UNESCO, "because," he says, "I believe in the future of man." But if UNESCO's destiny is realized, he thinks the achievement will come not through the attitude of: "What can UNESCO do for me?" but from the response of noble hearts everywhere to the challenge of: "What can we do for it?" A third question might well be added: "What, exactly, is the humming administration of Torres Bodet doing to build up UNESCO?"

The answer is not yet completely clear. What UNESCO is doing to build up that Mexican powerhouse, Torres Bodet, is more evident.

—EDWARD P. MORGAN

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To Man's Measure . . .

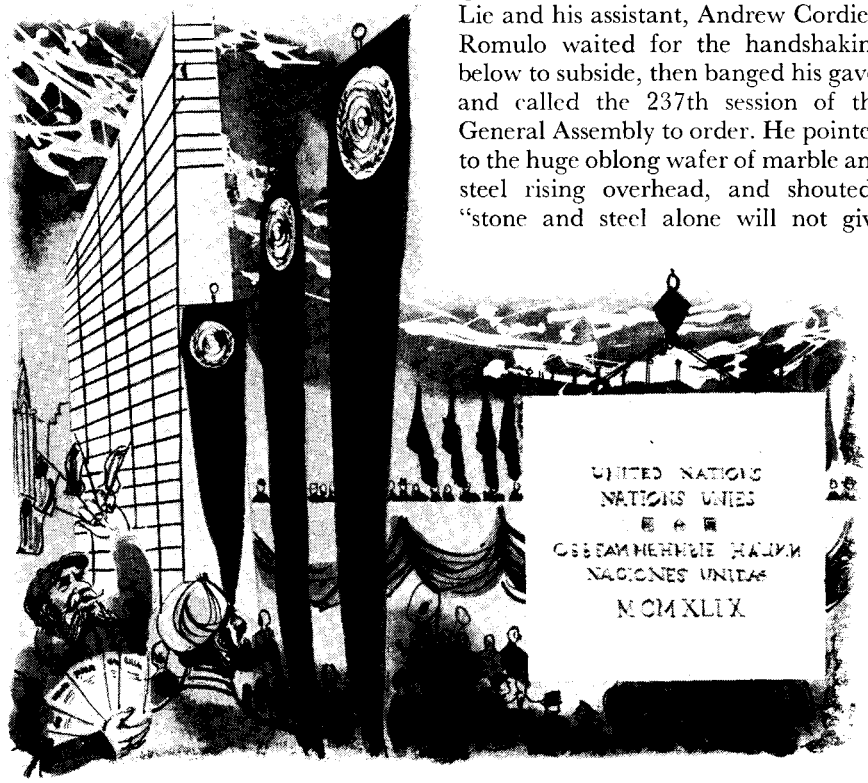
Concrete Gesture

It was good football weather. The sun was out, but a chill wind off the East River fluttered the huge sky-blue curtain with the U.N. Seal which served as backdrop for the cornerstone ceremonies. By 11:45 most of the guests had assembled; an old man hawked American flags to the crowds lining First Avenue and the ramparts of Tudor City. Governor Dewey was already on the speakers' platform, moodily ignoring the conversational attempts of the bearded delegate from Pakistan next to him. Over on the left, the combined bands of the Fire, Police, and Sanitation Departments of New York periodically broke into music.

Just at twelve, sirens were heard far up the East River Drive, and pretty soon the Presidential caravan came into view. A man shouted excitedly over the loudspeaker for everyone to sit down. The band played "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town." Governor Dewey perked up and looked around. Mr. Vishinsky was impassive.

One hundred and seven motorcycles (the largest formation in the city's history) screeched to a halt behind the backdrop. The band finished "East Side, West Side." While the Presidential party dismounted and prepared to file in, there was a long, awkward silence broken only by a raucous laugh that was accidentally picked up by a live mike. Then the band played "Hail to the Chief," everyone stood up again, and President Truman marched onto the speakers' platform, followed by Messrs. Austin, O'Dwyer, Acheson, and Wallace K. Harrison. The President walked down the line shaking hands; he stopped to say something to Governor Dewey, who was by this time in much better humor.

On the dais above, the President of the United Nations General Assembly, General Carlos P. Romulo, slipped quietly into his seat between Trygve Lie and his assistant, Andrew Cordier. Romulo waited for the handshaking below to subside, then banged his gavel and called the 237th session of the General Assembly to order. He pointed to the huge oblong wafer of marble and steel rising overhead, and shouted: "stone and steel alone will not give permanence to the United Nations." President Truman and Governor Dewey turned and peered up at the building. From two scaffoldings on the twenty-ninth floor, several dozen workers peered down at the statesmen.



There were speeches by Messrs. Austin, O'Dwyer, Dewey, and Truman, all in favor of the United Nations, each proud of his part in its present stage of fruition.

After Truman's speech, the crowd watched almost apathetically as Trygve Lie puttered around with the cornerstone. There were titters when he spilled a little mortar on the heads of the band members below. During his speech, the motorcycles could be heard warming up out on the drive.

The ceremony was over. Mr. Truman shook hands with Mr. Dewey and Mr. O'Dwyer. Mr. Vishinsky shook hands with Mr. Shawcross. The Secret Service men scurried around to guard the President's exit. The band sent him off to the tune of "Three Cheers for Dear Old Harvard." Mr. Romulo squeezed into the big black phaeton between Mr. Truman and Mr. O'Dwyer. The one hundred and seven motorcycles cut loose, and the procession headed toward Gracie Mansion, the mayor's residence. After the cars disappeared, a covey of jet fighters roared overhead. Back on First Avenue the old man still hawked his American flags.

Mr. Truman boarded his train for Washington ten minutes behind schedule. At the station he shook hands with Mr. O'Dwyer, and said (according to the New York *Times*): "Well, I hope it did some good. I hope it did some good." —D. C.

The Twain Shall

Prime Minister Nehru of India did not ride into New York on an elephant. He did not bring an escort of poets, swamis, or philosophers, or summon to assist him those already in our midst

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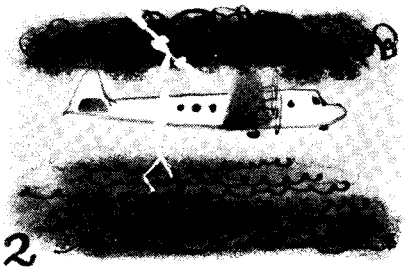
who for years have been deepening the mysteries of the Orient by expounding them to cenacles of earnest ladies. He did not call Mr. Huxley or Mr. Vincent Sheean to preach for him, nor did he require of Americans that they be converted. When we were privileged to see him he was not in any kind of a trance.

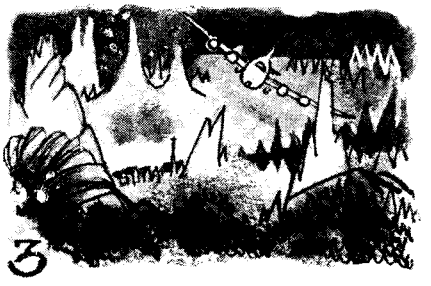
That is the sort of surprise you get when there is too much Kipling on your bookshelf. East and West do meet, and, when Mr. Nehru represents the East, the meeting is not conducted up in the clouds. Mr. Nehru was polite: "I would not presume to offer advice to other and more experienced nations in any way"; precise: "It is clear that all remaining vestiges of imperialism and colonialism will have to disappear"; proud: "It is forgotten that nearly all the great religions of mankind arose in the East and that wonderful civilizations grew up there when Europe and America were still unknown to history"—and ironical: "I am asked frequently why India does not align herself with a particular nation or a group of nations, and told that because we have refrained from doing so, we are sitting on the fence. The question and the comment are easily understandable because in time of crisis it is not unnatural for those who are involved in it deeply to regard calm objectivity in others as irrational, shortsighted, negative, unreal, or even unmanly."

It would be too much to expect Mr. Nehru to tell us how "calm objectivity"—if we could attain it—would change our attitude toward Russia. It would be too easy to say that his own calm objectivity will last just so long as India is not directly menaced by the Russians. The state of mind, however, remains desirable.

Perhaps for one cold moment we attained it when, after listening to Mr. Nehru, we walked out into the city streets. From a sound truck Mr. Newbold Morris was asking citizens to make him mayor—that local question now is solved. In the evening papers the U.S. Navy was quarreling with the U.S. Army—that question has not been solved. In the headlines was the day's report on the East-West crisis. For just one moment the city's electoral campaign, the unification of the armed services, Stalin in Moscow, Tito in Belgrade, seemed of equally indifferent interest—small questions and



small men. For a moment the earth no longer looked to us round and complete, a globe that you can turn in your hand, but appeared like an endless plain with no East or West marked on it anywhere, divided by no sheltering boundaries of nationalism and no reassuring provincialism of race, crowded



illimitedly with the figures of all mankind.

The moment did not last, nor should it have lasted. However desirable it is to see humanity as a whole, the citizen has more immediate concerns. He has to vote. He must take sides. That is why Mr. Nehru went to jail, and why he is now Prime Minister of a free nation—and even why he is traveling abroad.

Mr. Nehru on one occasion in New York remarked that vulgarity was a social illness: "It is increasing in India," he said, "and it is not entirely inexistent in the West." Sometimes, as the following UP dispatch confirms, it links the East to the West:

French Lick, Ind., Oct. 19—Expectant mother Princess Marguerita Khan, known to admirers as Rita Hayworth, today was promised weekly diaper service by plane from the United States when her baby arrives. Prince Aly Khan was made an honorary member of the National Expectant Fathers Club at the annual convention of the National Institute of Diaper Services. A membership card and pin were sent to him at Cannes, France. The institute voted to fly royal crested diapers to Rita and Aly each week because "there is no diaper service in France."

Press Conference

When fifty reporters and cameramen met young Mr. Oelsner and young Mr. Sellers upon their return to the United States, the two University of Pennsylvania students who this summer bicycled their way into the Soviet Zone of Germany and into trouble, looked at the fifty and said nothing doing. The two said the Russians jailed, questioned and abused us, yes, but all that has been in the papers already, and, yes, for a time we were an international incident but now the incident is closed. Mr. Oelsner said: "We were just a couple of dopes in going past the boundary line." When a photographer asked him to kiss his mother for the cameras, Mr. Oelsner refused.

Unless Messrs. Oelsner and Sellers are holding out on us, and are busy signing up with publishers, radio, television, the movies, Chautauqua, and the circus to exploit their adventure, we think their meeting with the fifty showed simple dignity, sense of proportion, and common sense. —G. P.

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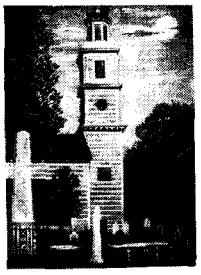
Virginia

No News from Richmond



I had been warned that there probably wouldn't be a story in Richmond. "This old town," Virginius Dabney, the editor of the *Times-Dispatch,* had said, "just isn't very exciting."

Still, I was a little excited when the train eased out of Fredericksburg, and I could raise the shade on my roomette window and see Marye's Heights limned against the Wilderness mists by the level rays of a just-up sun. That was where my boyhood saint, Robert Edward Lee, had punished General Burnside. Within the hour, I would be in the Citadel of the Lost Cause.

The porters at Broad Street Station were so busy I couldn't figure out what was going on. The desk clerk at the William Byrd enlightened me, at least in part: the first annual Tobacco Bowl Festival. I managed to land a bathless room at the gaudy old Jefferson, after elbowing my way through several hundred Methodist preachers gathered in annual conference. Then I walked the half-mile downtown to the John Marshall, which was full of tobacco men, bought a *Times-Dispatch,* and settled down to a tardy breakfast of local news, Smithfield ham, and Southern spoon bread.

Page one was as crowded with world news as the first page of the New York *Times,* but the only story that rated a two-column spread was about a nineteen-year-old farmer with two kids and a big Sunday-school class down at Rustburg, who had just been voted "Star Farmer of the South" by the Future Farmers of America at *their* national convention in Kansas City. (The Methodists made page eight, alongside the Baptists, who were having a powwow about foreign missions.) Another item on page one had to do with the preservation of a group of ancient houses on East Franklin Street, known as "Linden Row." In rendering a legal decision favorable to the conservationists, City Attorney J. Elliott Drinard had written:

"Change . . . and progress cannot and does not mean that everything of the past must be obliterated in its path . . . all change is based in part on history, and history has always served as a guide by which we judge the value of the present and determine the future. It encompasses that which still exists on earth in the form of a building or area as well as that which is written . . . we are certainly custodians of the past, for it belongs not to us alone but to time. To permit destruction of this value is to violate a trust."

"So you thought our city council might make a story?" Dabney asked when I arrived at the venerable building that houses both the *Times-Dispatch* and the *News Leader.* "I'll put you in the hands of Overton Jones, who covered it for us before we turned him into an editorial writer."

"There really isn't anything very spectacular about it," Jones started. "We happen to have a lot of active citizens' groups here. In politics they work through the Richmond Citizens' Association. About two years ago the Association got busy on this municipal reform thing, and . . ."

"The old council was pretty corrupt, eh?"

"No, nothing as lively as that. Some New York paper said it; just jumped to a conclusion, I reckon. Truth is, it wasn't venal, it was just plain inefficient. Cumbersome. Two branches: the common council, with twenty members, and the board of aldermen, with twelve. Not to mention the numerous committees. Always fighting with the mayor and, of course, elected by districts, which meant that everything was settled in the Democratic primary."

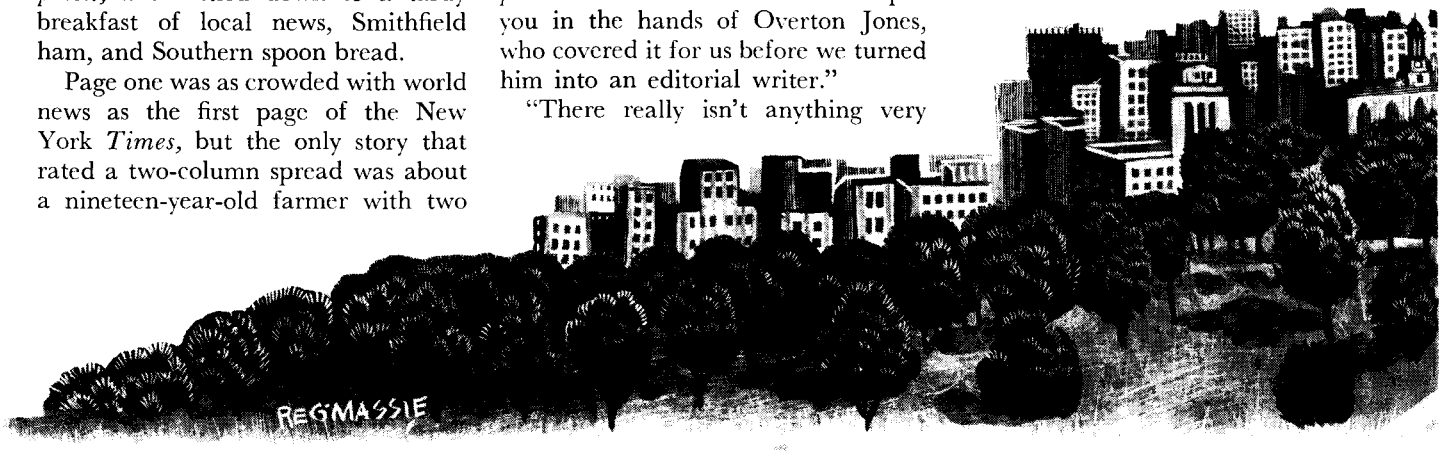
"And this new one?"

" . . . unicameral, nonpartisan, and citywide. Only nine members. The Citizens' Association put up a slate of nine. There were fifteen candidates in all. Eight of the association's nine made it, and Hill slipped in as an independent."

"Hill?"

"Oliver W. Hill."

"The Negro lawyer? Oh, he's the man I'm interested in. Wasn't his elec-



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tion pretty remarkable?" I asked him.

"Why? He's a darned good lawyer. And several thousand white people must have thought he'd make a good councilman, because they voted for him. As a matter of fact, they were right. Here just the other day the city-hall reporters took a sort of poll of who they and the other councilmen thought was the most valuable, and Hill finished a close second."

"But eighty-four years after Appomattox?"

Jones shrugged.

"Nobody measures time that way any more," he said. "'Cept maybe a few nonagenarians.

"Hill just missed being elected to the House of Delegates [the lower branch of the Virginia Legislature] in 1947."

"I was going to wrap it up with Jackie Robinson and his colored baseball team," I tried to explain. "They're playing an exhibition game here tomorrow night, you know, and . . ."

"They're playing our own boys," Jones said. "Far as that's concerned, the Rebels—that's our professional football team—have a colored star. Fullback, I think."

"To get back to the council," I said, "They've finished their first year, and I thought I might be able to go through your files and pick up a sort of record. . . ."

"Oh, yes," Jones brightened. "We had a little story on it." He fished the Sunday *Times-Dispatch* for September 4 out of his neat metal desk. It was dominated by several columns about the council: a long and not uncritical factual summary by Jones; a long and not uncritical editorial; a piece signed by Mayor W. Stirling King, a councilman chosen by his colleagues to be chief executive (and like them receiving a hundred dollars a month for his public services); a piece on City Manager Sherwood L. Reeder, who was appointed by the council and receives twenty thousand dollars a year; and a piece by a member of the old council, who couldn't seem to find much to gripe about.

"Then the council got out its own report," Jones said, handing me a twelve-page supplement to the *News Leader* of September 7.

An hour or so later I strolled down Grace Street to Capitol Square, sprawled on a bench, and thumbed through my notes. Truly, it wasn't sensational material. The *News Leader* supplement was mostly facts and figures covering the council's first year: nine new schools, 152 city employees promoted under the new nonpartisan merit system, more policemen, more sidewalk-maintenance crews, more trained social workers in the Department of Public Welfare, a housing study program, a mended bridge, an enlarged city stadium, several miles of repaved streets, park and playground improvements. Things like that. All without raising taxes, and, despite the fact that the city had to fill out insufficient state relief funds here and there, well within a budget of less than twenty million dollars. The big box on page seven had neatly itemized the whole thing, from .01 cent per month per citizen for legislative services to $1.97 for education: twenty-one and a half cents per day per capita altogether—"less than . . . a bottle of milk."

"Hmm," I addressed the squirrels. "Not much there, for a fact. Old council wasn't even crooked. Silly people just seem to want businesslike government. Maybe I ought to interview a councilman."

Which councilman? The mayor, in private life a printing salesman, was off somewhere at a convention of his own. All the others were working at their regular jobs, including two who run stores. The Negro? If he was the kind of man I thought he was, he'd probably blurt out, "Who are you, anyway? One of those Northern liberals, down here to blow me up into some kind of a hero, or symbol, or freak? My record speaks for itself."

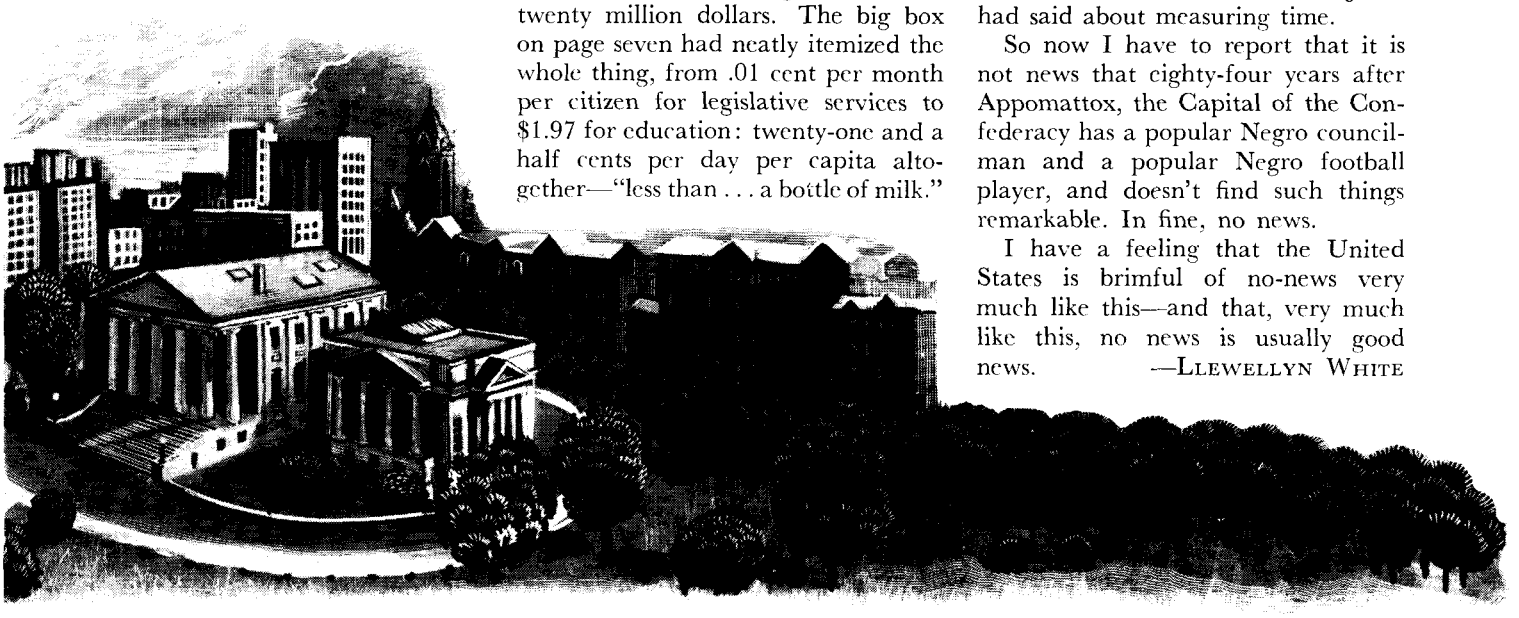
I decided to take a walk instead. I went first to the stately Brockenbrough mansion. The old house, a museum for the relics of Lee and Stonewall Jackson and many a lesser man, seemed to have moldered a little since my last visit in 1939. The ladies who tend it seemed sadder, less sure of their mission in life. I gazed briefly at General Hill's two Minié-riddled hats (Gettysburg and Petersburg) and fled. The fence had fallen down in the rear, where the garden almost tumbles into Shockoe Creek, and there in the drive, as if dropped in unseemly flight, lay what appeared to be a six-pounder naval piece.

As I walked westward on Clay Street I passed the spot where the old slave-block used to stand, and wondered whether Councilman Hill, who travels Clay a lot, ever thought about it. Then I remembered what Overton Jones had said about measuring time.

So now I have to report that it is not news that eighty-four years after Appomattox, the Capital of the Confederacy has a popular Negro councilman and a popular Negro football player, and doesn't find such things remarkable. In fine, no news.

I have a feeling that the United States is brimful of no-news very much like this—and that, very much like this, no news is usually good news.

—Llewellyn White



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Alaska

The Battle of Chilkoot Pass

Maurine Neuberger

Steve Homer

Carl Heinmiller doesn't think of himself as a pioneer. This thirty-six-year-old son of a Berea, Ohio, businessman insists that he too is a businessman. After all, he says, what could be more businesslike than the project of turning Chilkoot Barracks, Alaska's oldest military post, into a self-supporting tidewater colony? Heinmiller, an ex-major who lost his left eye with the Fiji Commandoes, and about forty other young Americans have been at it for the last three years.

"We'd be pioneers," says Heinmiller, "only if we had cleared away the spruce and leveled the land for this place. Instead, we're in the business of bucking Alaskan weather, monopolies, politics, and complacency to scratch out a settlement two thousand miles north of Seattle."

Many Americans, brought up on Jack London and James Oliver Curwood, think the development of Alaska is still an undertaking for stalwart frontiersmen armed with axes and homestead stakes. That might some day be the case, if displaced persons from the farms of northern Europe were given a chance to till the lonely but fertile Tanana and Kenai Valleys. Most Americans today, however, demand some community life. Practically all of the settlers in Alaska have headed straight for the busy little cities of Fairbanks, Anchorage, and Kodiak, which hum with Defense Department spending. Heinmiller and his friends didn't want to live on isolated wilderness homesteads, so they decided that they would be the founding fathers of their own Alaskan city.

While Heinmiller was in the humid Fijis, he dreamed of Alaska. After the war, he sought out the quarters of Alaskan Delegate to Congress E. L. Bartlett in Washington, and there he met most of the men who are now living and working with him at Chilkoot. Virtually all servicemen who were taking President Roosevelt's advice to "go North" arrived eventually at Bartlett's office in search of advice.

Chilkoot Barracks had been the kind of post that romantics would associate with George A. Custer or Nelson Appleton Miles. Stately old cream-colored houses, with front porches as deep as caves, and pitched roofs, line a broad parade ground that would make an ideal movie set for a troop of blue-coated cavalry. Just across the Chilkat River, behind the post baseball diamond, there are high, snowy mountains. Chilkoot Barracks, with its skimpy complement of a dozen officers and 286 enlisted men, was the only military establishment in the Territory until 1939.

After V-J Day, the station was declared surplus because it faced Canada rather than newly-ominous Siberia. Heinmiller and his friends offered to pay the government $105,000 for the place over a period of ten years. They have paid more than thirty thousand over the last few years. "It's nearly a third ours," Heinmiller says, with visible satisfaction.

Early in the game, Heinmiller and the others had a row with a Fairbanks bus operator named O'Hara over title to the barracks. The government ruled that the veterans were "little business" while O'Hara was "big business," so the Heinmiller faction got the post. The publicity resulting from this litigation lured more settlers.

Alaskans are now far more interested in the 389-acre Army reservation, which lies along salt water at the bottom of the gold-rush pass, than they were when the barracks sheltered the only Army contingent in the North. Chilkoot Barracks has become a laboratory in which part of Alaska's future might be decided.

From the beginning, Heinmiller and his group have based most of their hopes on the road that rises through the mountains back of the barracks. This road meets the Alaska Highway between the inland towns of Fairbanks and Whitehorse, and so Chilkoot can take in seaborne freight and ship it to either place. Fairbanks is the hub of Alaska, its "golden heart." Whitehorse, the head of navigation on the Yukon River, commands Canada's vast western Arctic region.

In the North, the man who can deliver cargo is the man who gets rich. The greatest fortunes from the Klondike gold rush were not made by the men who scratched about in the sands of Bonanza Creek, but by those who delivered fresh eggs, porterhouse steaks,

Maurine Neuberger

Carl Heinmiller

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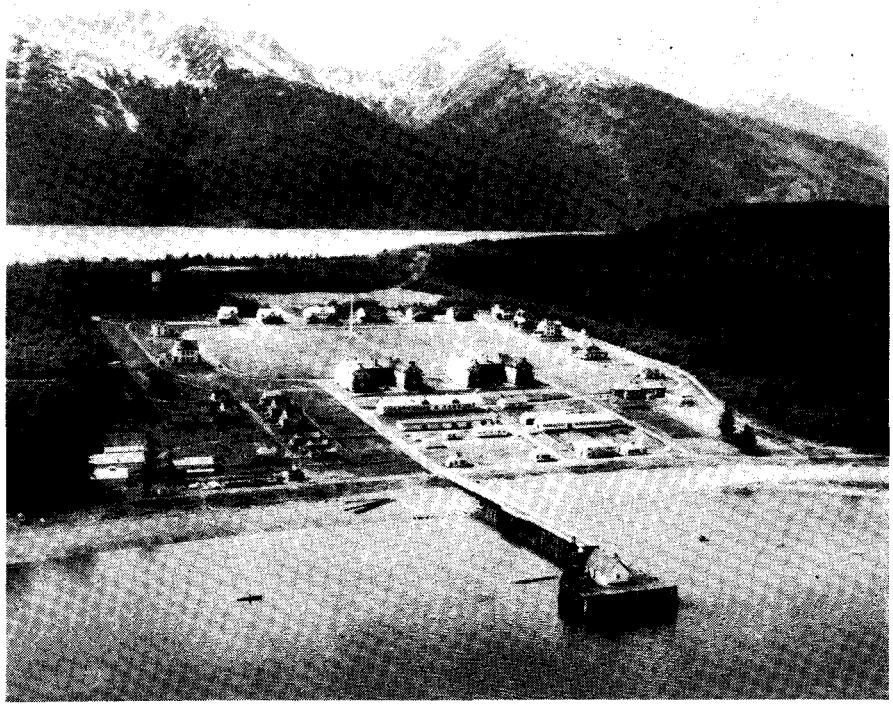
and dance-hall hostesses to Dawson City. Skagway has endured since 1898 only because it is the tidewater port for Whitehorse. The ex-G.I.'s believe Chilkoot Barracks can become the salt-water entrance to both Whitehorse and Fairbanks.

Can the young men and women in Chilkoot get a handhold in the land which President Roosevelt once said contains "great opportunities for those who are willing to work and to build up all kinds of new things?"

Carl Heinmiller nervously adjusts the patch that slants diagonally across his bad eye, and admits he isn't sure about the answer. He and the others are still in Alaska after three years, but they have sold their homes in New England and the Middle West, withdrawn nest eggs from banks, and borrowed from worried parents to keep up the payments. The 1949 installment hasn't yet been fully accumulated.

In the stories of Jack London, the great obstacles to success in Alaska were temperatures of seventy below, red-mouthed bears, and desperate outlaws. "All that's old-hat," remarks Heinmiller as he looks up the choppy fiord to Dyea Beach, where London sloshed ashore through the cold surf in 1898. "It gets chilly, all right. But our real troubles come from the fact that just a whole lot of pretty powerful outfits don't welcome competition. Maybe Alaska is something like Berea, Ohio, after all."



U. S. Forest Service

Bird's-eye view of Chilkoot Barracks

The Alaska Steamship Company, for instance, used to charge ninety dollars to haul an automobile the eighty-eight miles from Juneau to Chilkoot Barracks. Steve Larsson Homer of New Haven, one of the men who bought the old post, acquired a surplus LCT, planning to ship cars quite a bit more cheaply. But Alaska Steam, which has passenger accommodations that Steve does not, began slicing its tolls to thirty dollars when tourists accompanied their vehicles.

Steve's business wobbled. His scow-bottomed *Chilkoot,* on which he recently rescued the crew of a foundering salmon boat, is mortgaged. He is in full agreement with Ernest Gruening, the Governor of Alaska, once a New York editor and physician, who calls Alaska Steam an "unhealthy monopoly."

Ed Koenig, Amherst '45, son of a Buffalo X-ray specialist, planned to operate a trucking line between Chilkoot and Whitehorse, on the road the Army had constructed across the tortuous pass. Americans originally paid for the road, but most of it lies in Canadian territory. Abruptly, the Canadians announced that they would not plow their section in winter, and just about destroyed Koenig's plan. Delegate Bartlett came up with the explanation that "the Canadians are not too enthusiastic about keeping the road open the year around because it would provide competition for the White Pass & Yukon." Until the highway was built in 1943 this narrow-gauge railway, climbing out of Skagway on a four-per cent grade, had been the only link between Whitehorse and the ocean lanes.

More trouble for the colonists started in 1946, when AFL checkers in Seattle went on strike and closed up that port for two months. Two years later, during another strike, the only shipping company that had been making regular stops at Chilkoot was forced to abandon operation. Crews on the vessels that docked sporadically at the pier below the barracks demurred at putting into a harbor that was not organized. The young colonists at Chilkoot formed their own local, elected Heinmiller president, and sent dues to Longshoremen's headquarters in Seattle. Without union buttons on their caps, they couldn't go up the gangplanks.

President Roosevelt had spoken of Alaska as a frontier, "a country for pioneers." Many of Chilkoot's people migrated to Alaska with adventure tales in mind. There they thought they would escape from every complexity of modern civilization. The rugged individualists could get away from unions, and the radicals would never again have to hear the word "corporation." Now, on their shelf between the surf and the mountains, the settlers find themselves both joining unions and facing the competition of monopolies.

At Chilkoot there are woodchoppers from Minnesota and Bachelors of Art from Amherst. Junior Leaguers and ex-waitresses spell one another shoveling snow. One of the women cooked for a Park Avenue heiress; another was secretary to the President of the University of Massachusetts. Hilma, the wife of Clarence Matson, a Marine hero, ran a restaurant in Sweden. Herb Gulliford's small dark wife, Helen, is a native-born Hawaiian. Herb Stelting, a lumberjack who likes Alaska because he can grow a beard

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there without becoming a curiosity, met Mrs. Stelting at her home in Walton-on-the-Naze, England. Mrs. Ray Gelotte taught folk-dancing in the Portland Y.W.C.A. Allie Cordes, a statuesque brunette from Everett, Washington, decided that she wanted to raise chickens at the foot of the pass over which the *cheechakos* had rushed to Dawson. Mimi Gregg's mother, Madame Regina Vicarino, once toured Europe in grand opera.

Once the settlers got to Chilkoot, they tried all kinds of things. Ed Koenig bought the big Chilkoot wharf, the only place where a ship can dock between Skagway and Juneau, and he operates it with two Theta Delta Chi brothers from Amherst. Ted Gregg makes modernistic "Chilkoot furniture" of hemlock and Sitka spruce. Mildred Young and Jim MacCammond, a former Air Corps gunner from Darien, Connecticut, publish a little literary quarterly that they call *The Alaskan.*

Maurine Neuberger

Ed Koenig

A mile of beach and stunted spruce separates the barracks from the hamlet of Haines, which obtains its drinking supply from the post's elaborate waterworks. When the colonists raised the water rate, Haines retaliated by gerrymandering Chilkoot into a school district with a high millage rate. However, the community relationships are not always at arm's length. Carol Koenig, a Smith graduate, is a favorite teacher at the Haines School, and the settlers take all their minor ailments to Miss Hansen, the Public Health nurse in Haines. Although the people of Haines often disapprove the day-to-day plans of the former servicemen as to specific details, they are pulling hard for the veterans and their new colony to succeed.

A frequent criticism is that the Chilkoot settlers have not turned sufficiently to fishing, pulp production, and agriculture. Four or five Chilkoot families have reluctantly moved up the steep valley and staked out 160 acres of farmland apiece. Vegetables grow to monstrous size during the eighteen-hour days of the Alaskan summer. Today, after a faltering start, the Matanuska farm colony near Anchorage is prospering.

Now that they have discovered that Alaska is more a political than a pioneering problem, the young settlers have gotten into politics, and they have just scored their first triumph. For three years they watched Canadian steamships sailing aloofly up the Inside Passage. A clause in our Maritime Act, designed to protect the Seattle shipping monopoly, prevented Canadian vessels from carrying passengers or freight between two Alaskan ports. An expectant mother at Chilkoot might desperately need the attention of Dr. Dahl of Skagway, fourteen miles away, but a Canadian skipper could take him to Chilkoot only under threat of fine and imprisonment.

The young families of Chilkoot Barracks wrote the Senators and Congressmen from their former states. They put pressure on Juneau and Washington. Three months ago the President signed legislation allowing Canadian ships to haul passengers and cargo between Chilkoot, Skagway, and any other Alaskan port. Now the *Prince George,* the *Princess Louise,* and other members of Canada's vast North Pacific fleet can make regular calls at Ed Koenig's timbered dock.

By such feats and expedients, the forty Chilkoot pioneers have managed to stay on the scene. If their number seems small, it must be remembered that all Alaskan population figures are small. After more than eight decades of American sovereignty, Alaska has only ninety-five thousand residents, including thirty-four thousand Indians and Eskimos, whose ancestors were on hand when the last *promyshlennik* of the tsars packed his pelts and left.

The veterans now understand, as clearly as old Alaskans, why the population has not grown faster—strikes, woeful steamship service, fly-by-night financing, government red tape, and harassment by monopolies.

The Chilkoot colonists have, as a matter of fact, become local heroes because of their resistance to transportation monopolies on land and on water. It costs twenty-six dollars to ship a ton of fresh produce from Seattle to the Alaskan seaport of Cordova. The rate from San Juan, Puerto Rico, to New York City, also about fourteen hundred miles, is $10.80. Salmon canneries in Alaska, closely tied up with the steamship industry, ship their product southward for less than half the rate charged an Alaskan family to have the same tonnage sent north. Residents of Kodiak pay twenty-seven dollars a ton for general cargo shipped up from Seattle. Salmon packed at Kodiak goes south in the same steamer holds for twelve.

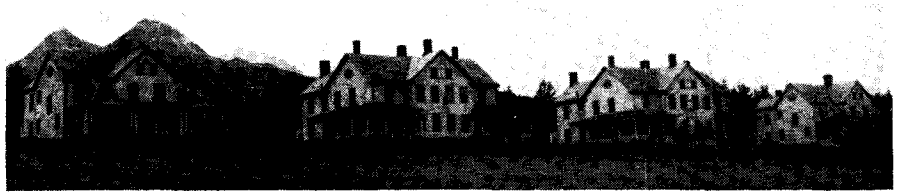
That means Alaska has the highest living costs under the American flag. When sugar is ten cents a pound in New York, it is thirteen cents in Juneau, and seventeen cents at Fairbanks. A loaf of bread selling for fourteen cents in Chicago costs twenty in Ketchikan, and twenty-five in Anchorage. When sliced bacon costs a Boston housewife eighty-two cents, women in Seward pay $1.20, and those in Fairbanks $1.30.

But the Chilkoot migrants believe they can make the grade. They have already won the first round: Canadian ships can serve their port. Having stayed three years, the colonists are sure they can stay longer, perhaps indefinitely.

The lights are coming on in the houses of the old post as Carl Heinmiller heads for the wharf to supervise the unloading of cargo from the Canadian Pacific's *Princess Norah,* a visitor at sundown. "It's a long way from Berea," he says. "This has been a headache and it will be a bigger one before we get the post paid for. But my best night-fighting sergeant writes me he's selling potato chips back in his home town, and my crack corporal is tending bar somewhere. Me? I've got a chance to start something in the greatest land our country owns. I think I've got the long end of the stick."

—Richard L. Neuberger

Maurine Neuberger



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Labor

The Price of Pensions

Wide World

Two and a half years ago, John L. Lewis announced: "We want a welfare fund for our coal miners at the cost of this industry. I say it. I voice it. I proclaim it, and I care not who in heaven or hell opposes it." Lewis scented battle and rejoiced in it, but not even he could have anticipated the uproar that would follow. These words were to lead his miners into the most concentrated series of strikes in their history and precipitate a full-blown labor crisis.

For over a decade, other unions, like the Amalgamated Clothing and the International Garment Workers, had been quietly contracting for welfare plans. But it was not until Lewis invaded the field that the plans became a national issue. When he got his Miners' Welfare and Retirement Fund in1946, Lewis could flaunt an achievement no other labor leader could afford to ignore. He had secured the largest and least-restricted fund of its kind in the country, with a projected scale of benefits so enticing that after their terms were broadcast among workers, no big union, whatever its private misgivings, would dare settle for less.

By this fall, his policy had caused painful embarrassment to the labor movement. As their major fourth-round demand, unions were insisting on similar welfare funds in the nation's biggest industries. Two strikes broke out simultaneously in September: A half-million steelworkers left the mills demanding a somewhat weaker carbon copy of the miners' plan; and a half million miners left the pits because, after only a year of full operation, their plan had broken down. The miners' fund had run out of money and was compelled to suspend payments.

There was indeed a precedent for the steelworkers' demands, the steel industry observed dryly, and the resulting debacle was unfolding before their eyes. Rarely had the labor movement been reminded more forcibly that if, by following in Lewis's wake, it expected to benefit from his advances, it must also share his setbacks.

However, the history of the miners' fund suggests that, for all his apparent lack of responsibility, Lewis actually *engineered* its collapse—with a carefully-calculated end in view; and it might turn out to be the shewdest course he could have chosen. It can be argued with some justice that the course was inspired by the coal-mining industry itself, the most hazardous in America. In raising the question of a welfare fund, Lewis cited the following figures: the average miner's life expectancy was 55.8 years, as against 64.2 years for other workers, which led life-insurance companies to charge miners 277 per cent more than the normal rates. From 1910 to 1945 inclusive, 66,140 miners were killed outright in mining accidents; 65,000 were injured each year. At least 50,000 in that period were incapacitated by broken backs, amputations, or other major injuries, and workmen's-compensation laws effective in thirteen coal-mining states permitted many operators to escape liability.

Obviously the Federal social-security laws did not begin to meet these needs. Lewis took the position that since the government did not, the industry—and ultimately the public—must. "If we must grind up human flesh . . . in this industrial machine . . ." he said, "then, before God, I assert that those who consume coal . . . owe protection to those men and we owe security to their families if they die."

Lewis gambled on committing the industry to the principles first and sending the bill later. Careful to avoid being pinned down on costs, he demanded a royalty tax on each ton of coal produced, to provide three major services: a welfare-and-retirement program for old-age pensions; sickness, disability, family-distress, and death benefits; and a free medical-and-hospital plan.

It was inherent in his plans that, once committed, the coal operators would be undertaking a project whose financial appetite could easily prove insatiable. Inevitably, the operators balked. In March, 1946, the miners struck. Industry was adamant. The government seized the mines. Secretary of the Interior Krug began negotiations with the union. In May, the Krug-Lewis agreement was signed, setting up the fund and providing for a five-cent-per-ton royalty to pay for it.

It had been tacitly understood that the five-cent royalty was only a token figure, wholly unrealistic in the light of the fund's stated objectives. The real question was how much higher the royalty would have to go. The operators agreed fairly soon to boost the royalty to ten cents a ton, but they were bent on going no further. On the grounds of "actuarial soundness" they fought desperately for terms of eligibility and benefits that could be met permanently on that amount of money and no more.

Lewis treated their arguments with Olympian indifference. He had no intention of limiting the scope of the fund to the amount of money at its disposal. Entirely to the contrary, he intended to meet the full need as liberally as he could, and at once. When the money ran out, he would come back for more.

He proposed, therefore, to pay retirement pensions of a hundred dol-

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lars a month to all miners who were members of the union in good standing and had worked anywhere in the mining industry for twenty years, when they reached the age of sixty. He demanded death benefits of a thousand dollars, disability and distress benefits of sixty dollars a month, with an additional ten dollars for a wife and for each child, and similar allowances for bereaved widows. He proposed an elaborate medical plan that would both meet ordinary family needs and rehabilitate the permanently disabled. (Such treatment has cost eight to ten thousand dollars for one paraplegic alone.)

Humanely speaking, his position was irreproachable. Financially, it was unsound. When actuarial experts told him so, he ignored them. He was not remotely interested in the actuarial outrage he might be committing.

For an entire year, the three administrative trustees of the fund—representative of industry, union, and the public—were deadlocked over his program, while money accumulated untouched, and Lewis alternately thundered and sulked. The first break came with the Centralia Mine disaster in March, 1947, in which 111 miners were killed. Lewis appeared before Congress, a grim figure of vengeance and grief, and for once, he had a sympathetic ear. One month later, the first distress money was released to the kin of Centralia victims.

But the coal operators had not yet conceded the round. The bulk of the fund was still frozen. Against a background of intermittent strikes, the crucial battle raged over pension terms, while the operators' trustee, Ezra Van Horn, brought four lawsuits to hold up payments.

It was not until a year later, in the spring of 1948, that two events brought victory to Lewis on his own terms. Senator Styles Bridges became the new public trustee, at a salary of $35,000 a year, and immediately offered a compromise formula acceptable to Lewis (pensions of a hundred dollars monthly at sixty-two, soon to be reduced to sixty); and shortly thereafter, Judge Goldsborough dismissed one of the Van Horn suits against the scheme. The same month, the operators agreed to increase the royalty payment to twenty cents a ton, and directly afterward, the full scale of pension and welfare payments began to flow.

There is no evidence that the money was misused in the humanitarian sense. By May, 1949, it had gone to 78,000 disabled miners, 28,000 widows, 143,000 wives and children of the disabled, 16,000 orphaned children. It had hospitalized 380 miners who were paralyzed from the waist down, given medical care to 12,500, and paid death benefits on 12,500.

These benefits were achieved only by spending more money than the fund had. From July 1, 1948 to June 30, 1949 the fund took in $90,891,904; it paid out $104,880,784. The $43,000,000 that had accumulated while the fund was frozen went to meet that deficit. But no one who watched the drain could be deceived into believing any financial structure could stand it for long. As the time drew near for new contract negotiations, the operators saw the handwriting on the wall. In July, the Southern mines stopped paying royalties, cutting the fund's income by roughly a third. In August, Lewis moved to strengthen his hand for the showdown. He decreed a three-day week to cut the coal reserves that were above ground—and to cut still further into the fund's income. By September he announced that the fund would suspend payments. Once again, the miners went on strike. The royalty tax had been raised from five cents to twenty cents in less than three years. Lewis now wanted it increased to more than forty cents.

By more than doubling the fund's income, Lewis could probably cover the ground he intended to in the first place. In the process, however, he will be raising portentous issues not only for the coal industry but even more for the country.

It is true that, precisely because other unions do not have either the hazard and health problems of the miners' union or the arrogance of its president, they might be able to establish similar plans at a lower cost both financially and psychologically—as steel and other unions give promise of doing. The question still remains whether such special islands of protection are sound for the national interest—or whether, after all, it is not the province of the Federal government to provide whatever protection it can for the country as a whole.

A fuller Federal program would have many advantages over the union

Associated Press

A sick miner and his UMW welfare-fund check

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plans. It would have more money, and it could collect and distribute it on a more equitable basis. It could far more easily resolve the problem of how many nonproductive workers—sick, disabled, retired—could and should be maintained by the public, to what extent, and for how long. It could more readily cope with the question of the individual worker's equity in such funds. Under the Lewis plan, the miner is dependent for benefits not only on his membership in the union but on his connection with the industry. If he leaves either, his benefits are lost. If this makes for stability on the one hand, it also immobilizes the labor force on the other. Under a Federal plan, the worker could carry his equity in retirement and disability with him wherever he went.

But a Federal program of the proportions labor is now beginning to demand would be staggeringly expensive—so expensive, perhaps, as to endanger America's present crucial role in the world's economic affairs.

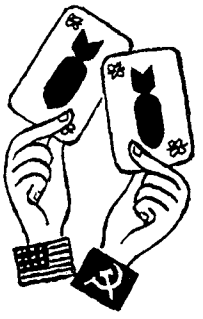
Organized labor takes the position that in any case, the government must one day undertake such a program. Until that time, it declares, the unions should and will. It is apparent, after the recent steelworkers' victory, that the union drive will now mushroom in most of the vital centers of industry. That being the reality, the immediate question to consider is how far its program should go.

Lewis has, as usual, proven his unique flair for exhausting public patience. Whatever the rest of the labor movement does, it seems probable that his behavior will invite some form of government regulation for union-management welfare funds. It would be folly to design such legislation merely to "get Lewis," since previous efforts in that direction have not only failed to do that, but have penalized all labor unnecessarily in the process. What is indicated, however, is the establishment of some set of minimum standards, not unlike the present insurance regulations, to which these welfare funds can be held. Such a course would not answer all the basic questions raised by this new institution. But it would at least insure the country against the immediate danger of excesses—thereby winning time until the final answers can be found.

—Claire Neikind

Atomic Bomb

Deadlock Ahead



The demigods in the Kremlin must have been delighted by the wishful thinking which until recently made so many western leaders sure that Russia would not be able to produce atomic energy for years. The Russians undoubtedly tackled the problem from the start as a fairly plain economic proposition. How much—they asked in 1945—had it cost the United States to produce the first atomic bombs? Two billion dollars—not much more than one per cent of its annual national income. The *Politburo* knew that Russia's national income amounted more or less to thirty per cent of America's. Russia would therefore, in theory, have to spend three or four per cent of its national income on atomic development. Perhaps a bit more, because Russian efficiency was lower. But, the *Politburo* must have concluded, an investment of about five per cent of Russia's national income would be enough.

When the figure was put before them, the members of the *Politburo* could not have hesitated. Quite apart from strategic considerations, they must have thought the investment worthwhile for purely industrial reasons. Had western statesmen made any calculations of this sort, they might have guessed how short-lived the American monopoly was to be. The United States needed less than four years for the whole project, from trial and error in the laboratory to the production of the bomb. During those years, the main resources of American industry were absorbed in the manufacture of conventional munitions. After 1945, there was no reason why Russia, which no longer had to produce planes, tanks, and the like on the wartime scale, and which had benefited from such knowledge of the American experiments as its intelligence services obtained, should take more than four years to produce the bomb. It may indeed have needed less. (Reasoning from these premises, I wrote in November, 1947, that Mr. Molotov might not be bluffing when he intimated that Russia already had the atomic weapon.)

The men of the *Politburo* may be laughing now when the pundits of the West assert that Russia has no sources of uranium except for the mines in Czechoslovakia and Saxony. Quite apart from the fact that the Czech and Saxon mines are among the most productive in the world, Russia does possess uranium resources in the areas around Taboshar and Tyuya-Muyun in central Asia. There the precious ore is extracted "on an industrial scale," according to the *Great Soviet Encyclopaedia* (published before the war).

Another instance of *possible* wishful thinking is the conviction, now accepted as an axiom, that the United States has a long start in atomic weapons. This may or may not be true. At any rate, economic experience should make us a bit skeptical. Every textbook of economic history contains enough precedents to justify this warning. Any new technical invention brings enormous advantages to its first user—the advantages of a temporary monopoly. But those who break the monopoly often produce the new technical device or machinery more cheaply and quickly. This rule could certainly apply to atomic energy. The Russians may have worked out less-cumbersome, less-expensive, and quicker methods of nuclear fission. It is not argued here that they have done so, but only that it would not be extraordinary if they had. A relevant analogy may perhaps be found in recent

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military history: In 1940 the Luftwaffe had a long start over all other air forces. About two years later it was lagging behind Allied aviation. Within another two years the Luftwaffe was again gaining a technical lead, which it never had a chance to exploit because the war was coming to an end. The balance of atomic power may be equally fluid.

All this is, of course, sheer hypothesis. Russian pronouncements on atomic energy have been deliberately enigmatic and ambiguous—except the flat claim that Russia has possessed atomic weapons since 1947. Even this may or may not be true. But the fact that Russia's atomic progress is enveloped in a fog of uncertainty is all the more reason why we should not overlook any of the possibilities.

Assuming that Russia has been able to produce atomic energy for some time now, how is this likely to affect Soviet policy?

Probably the first conclusion arrived at by Stalin's entourage is that some equilibrium has now been reached in the world's balance of military power, and that consequently war is less imminent now than it might have seemed two or three years ago. The early American atomic monopoly undoubtedly gave rise to considerable alarm in the Kremlin. The years 1945-1947 were regarded as the period of high danger, when American capitalism might easily have been tempted to strike at Russia.

But then the *Politburo* saw, no doubt with surprise and relief, that the United States was rapidly demobilizing, and that it was doing so against the grain of capitalist class-interest as the Kremlin understood it. The puzzle of demobilization was explained by the mood of the American masses. Their pacifism, the Russians thought, was the only thing that prevented the Administration from following the promptings of its own "war party," as they were expressed, say, in Mr. Bullitt's *The Great Globe Itself*. The Kremlin did not believe that the United States could start a preventive war with its land, naval, and air forces dismantled, relying solely on the atomic bomb.

But the rapidity with which the United States had built up its gigantic military machine during the war was not forgotten either. The main effort of the Russian government was therefore directed toward overcoming Russia's lag in atomic energy. Meanwhile, the Russian economy was maintained on a semiwar footing. The presence of the Red Army in Germany, where it could threaten western Europe with prompt occupation, was considered an indispensable safeguard against American attack. Last but not least, the American atomic monopoly impelled the Russian leaders to conduct their foreign policy in a manner that would not suggest any weakness or vacillation. Taking all sorts of risks, Stalin and Molotov resisted western pressure firmly, and even provocatively, precisely because the forces behind that western pressure were so exceptionally strong. There was an element of bluff in the Russians' tactics, but the game was played with relative success.

In so far as diplomacy can ever stop bluffing, it may do so now. The balance of military power between the United States and the Soviet Union is now closer to what it was at the beginning of 1945 than to what it became after Nagasaki and Hiroshima. The two countries are matched about as evenly as they were in the Yalta period, not as unevenly as they were at Potsdam and after.

The pre-atomic balance of military power led to the division of zones of influence between Russia and its western allies. Can the cold war now be terminated by a return of the great powers to the methods of Teheran and Yalta—by a renewal, that is, of an agreement of zones of influence? It is in some such terms that the Kremlin now reviews the position, if one is to judge from Mr. Vishinsky's recent proposal for a pact among the great powers. It is perhaps too early for the Kremlin to assess the American reaction. Soviet policymakers probably assume that it may take some time for the Russian atomic explosion to affect American strategic thinking and the conduct of our diplomacy. They will watch for new trends. But they are probably also aware of the obstacles that have piled up in the way of a new Russo-American settlement. Under the explicit (and even more so under the tacit) agreement of Yalta, China proper was to remain outside the Russian orbit, to put it briefly. But the Chinese revolution has, by its own momentum, which surpassed all Russian expectations, drawn that country into the Russian zone (although Mao Tze-tung may yet turn out to be a more formidable Tito). Equally important, Germany has been split between two régimes and two governments, a situation the German people are not likely to put up with for very long. The old division of spheres of influence is largely obsolete. The outlines of a new one are not in sight, even if the diplomats would consider it.

The situation is so complex and full of contradictions that it is doubtful whether Stalin has in mind any formula for a Russo-American settlement, designed to facilitate the "peaceful coexistence of the two systems," to use his own favorite term. As he's done so often before, he is likely, in the absence of a grand-strategical conception, to conduct his policy empirically, meeting contingencies and exploiting opportunities as they arise.

Empirically, the first question is the armament race. Can it be stopped, or at least curbed? From the Kremlin as well as from the White House, this looks as difficult as squaring the circle. On the one hand, Russia has an indubitable interest in slowing up arms production. Although it may be able to keep pace with the United States, it can do so only at the price of much higher sacrifices. The atomic bomb cost the United States only one per cent or so of its national income; it cost Russia four, five, or six per cent. The same ratio applies to conventional armament. Russia must therefore divert a much higher proportion of its income from capital development and civilian consumption. That is why Mr. Vishinsky and Mr. Malik have been urging the adoption of a ban on atomic weapons and an all-around reduction in other armaments. They are not merely trying to score points in psychological warfare; they are trying to ease the strain on the Russian economy.

On the other hand, however, the Soviet leaders see that the chances of calling off the armament race are very slender indeed. Their proposal for a ban on the production of atomic weapons has once again been met by the American counterproposal for international control over the world's production of atomic energy and over its resources of fissionable raw materials. For reasons which Mr. Vishinsky or

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Mr. Malik can hardly admit in public (or even in confidence), they must meet the Baruch Plan with a blunt *non possumus*. United Nations control over atomic energy would, in the Russian view, amount to control by the United States. The Russians have been confirmed in this view by their experiences at Lake Success, where they have seen themselves outvoted on every major issue by the American-led bloc. Hence, they insist on retaining the right of veto in any United Nations agency for atomic control. Moreover, whereas the Baruch Plan envisages the control over the production of all atomic energy, the Russians want any international agreement to apply to atomic weapons only. They are determined to have a free hand in the industrial development of atomic energy. The Tass statement in reply to President Truman's announcement made this clear: "As to the control over atomic *weapons*, it must be said that such control will be necessary in order to check whether the ban on the output of atomic *weapons* is enforced." (Italics mine.)

There are many reasons why the Russians stick to this attitude. One is that control along the Baruch lines might enable the United Nations inspectors to look into every Soviet factory—and into every Soviet forced-labor camp. Stalin is at least as anxious to conceal from the outside world the forced-labor camps as he is to keep secret the location and strength of Russian industries. Another motive is his conviction that Russia is on the verge of an epoch-making technical upheaval, in which as an industrial power it has every chance to "catch up with and surpass" the United States itself, perhaps within a generation. It is elementary Marxism to assume that the United States will be prevented, by all sorts of vested interests, from making full industrial use of nuclear fission, if the latter threatens to depreciate huge capital investments in oil plants or coal mines. The Russian planned economy is, on the contrary, believed to be capable of the fullest utilization of new sources of energy. The Tass reply to President Truman's announcement stated that the explosion referred to by the President was one of many occurring in industrial construction, and that for such blasting work "the latest technical means" are used. This was perhaps meant to intimate that atomic energy may already be used as an explosive in Russian industry. It may have been an advance advertisement of future achievement. In any case, it was characteristic of the hopes that are being encouraged in Russia. The *Politburo* impresses it upon the Russian people that, quite apart from strategic calculations, it is now engaged in a titanic struggle to secure for Russia an undreamt-of era of plenty. "Communism," Lenin said, "is Soviet power plus electrification . . ." Stalin may want to revise this to read, "Communism is the *Politburo* plus atomic energy." In this context, the Baruch Plan is seen as a capitalist attempt to wrest the atomic cornucopia from the hands of socialist society.

However mixed the reasons for Russia's refusal to contemplate United Nations control over atomic energy, it must be assumed that the Russian government will persist in it. On the other hand, Russia hardly expects the United States to agree to the proposed ban on atomic weapons, since the means of enforcing that ban are—as they must be under the circumstances—highly inadequate. Moscow, therefore, probably reckons with the prospect of a prolonged deadlock over this issue. Its diplomatic efforts are likely to be directed not so much toward breaking the deadlock as toward prolonging it. Time, it is hoped in Moscow, is on Russia's side. —ISAAC DEUTSCHER

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Britain

The Bulldozer Has Arrived, Milord

Whatever affronts Socialism has wreaked upon the English aristocracy in recent times, it seems, at any rate, to have given the hereditary rich some interesting practical insights into the realm of trade and commerce. One noble lord—to cite such an example—has laid aside his coronet and fared forth as a fishmonger. With a nostalgic sigh, the Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland recently decided to surrender his great estate, held by his family for three hundred years, and to buy, instead, a small pub. After thinking things over, the Lady Hart-Dyke, mistress of Lullingstone Castle in Kent, quietly turned the ancient fortress into a silkworm farm. Lady Devon, forced to extremities, reorganized Powderham Castle, the family seat near Exeter, into a cooking school.

Apart from the silkworms, the muffin-makers, and the bats, half of the great country houses of England today lie virtually uninhabited, a prey to dry rot and the deathwatch beetle. Their owners no longer can afford to live in them. Some ancestral seats are being converted into colleges, tearooms, and hotels; over others the ancient standards of ducal lines are being hauled down to be replaced by the clerkly flags of such prosaic government organizations as the National Coal Board. The evicted nobles are seldom pleased with their lot. One morning Earl Fitzwilliam, occupant of the magnificent Wentworth-Woodhouse mansion in Yorkshire (its eighteenth-century ornamental gardens are world-famous), peered out of his window in consternation to find the philistine furrow of an open-cast coal mine yawning within inches of his drawing-room window.

After hearing a series of such melancholy tales recently from an indignant young lady official of the Central Landowners' Association—a sort of aristocrats' mutual protective association—at its London headquarters, I thought I'd look into the plight of the peerage a little further. Accordingly, when I came across a Central Landowners' release proclaiming that Henry Frederick Thynne, Sixth Marquess (and Ninth Baronet) of Bath, had been reduced to throwing open Longleat, his hundred-room Elizabethan country house in Wiltshire, and one of the most historic of British mansions, to the public at two shillings sixpence a head, I decided to call on his lordship to see how the turnstiles were moving. In England, Longleat is known as "the treasure house of the west," and includes among its historic trappings paintings by Titian, Raphael, Bastiani, Mainardi, and Reynolds; its library, considered the best private one in Britain, contains a Caxton book, the first ever printed in English; Shakespeare's first, second, third, and fourth folios; and a letter signed by Queen Elizabeth.

At a press conference, the Marquess had taken a fairly gloomy view of allowing the masses—for a mere pittance—into his family mansion, an honor which rich dowagers, eligible daughters, and social climbers had been mercilessly fighting over for four hundred years. "I do not think I am going to enjoy letting the public trample about this wonderful old place," he was quoted as saying. However, when I telephoned his lordship to ask if he'd care to talk about the present-day problems of a British aristocrat, he seemed amenable enough. "Okey doke," he said briskly. "Come down over the weekend. I'm afraid the house is full up—we're not living at Longleat any more, you know; we live at the little manor house four miles away—but I'll get you a room at the Bath Arms in Warminster. My car will pick you up."

I set out, and was duly picked up by the Marquess's chauffeur, Mather, who drove me off in a long, low Bentley. I asked him how the below-stairs situation was. "Very small staff now, zah," replied Mather rather deprecatingly. "Just Marks, the butler—during the war he served with his lordship as his batman—her ladyship's personal maid, the cook, and a part-time woman. Lord and Lady Bath live very simply. In the old days at Longleat we had forty indoor servants alone, eight men and thirty-two maids. We are entering the drive now, zah. Longleat is four miles in. His lordship will see you there."

We drove along a red gravel road through great columns of elms and oaks, banked with miles of azaleas and rhododendrons. A rabbit scuttled across the road. "Very little game now, zah," said Mather. "We have shoots in the season, but we don't breed the pheasants any more, only them that breeds wild, like. Oh, I don't suppose his lordship's party gets more than thirty in a day's shooting instead of four hundred, the way we did when things were normal."

Soon Longleat came into view. It was a huge, magnificent, gray-brown building in English Renaissance style, begun in 1567 by Sir John Thynne on the site of Longleat Priory. Vast stretches of beautifully-kept lawns shaded by oak trees spread out from the house. From another road an invading column of busses packed with trippers raised clouds of dust as it bumped into a parking lot. Outside the main entrance of the mansion, a sizable queue was forming. We drew alongside, and a ruddy-faced man in a tweed suit and green hat stepped up and introduced himself as the Marquess's agent. This was Major Claude

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Algar, landowner in his own right, lawyer, local magistrate, keen analyst of fine legal points, terror of poachers, and nemesis of Persons Driving Without Due Care and Attention. "Not such a big turnout today," he remarked, with a glance at the crowd. "Do come inside." He led me into the Fifth Marquess's study, a large, ancient room crammed with portraits, prints, books, overstuffed chairs, and piles of picture postcards and guidebooks.

A few moments later, in strode the Sixth Marquess, a lithe man of forty-four with a rather handsome, pushed-in face, a determined jaw, and a general look of won't-have-any-damned-nonsense. He was dressed in a green open-necked shirt and green slacks, and he was rather menacingly switching a hazel stick, the head of which was carved in the shape of a swan's head.

"The place is pretty well running itself now," said his lordship, when we'd been introduced. "I have seven full-time guides, and as many as twenty-five on a busy weekend. Of course, we only open about a quarter of the house to the public—we have sixty bedrooms alone which we don't show. Without swanking, I think we get more people here than anywhere else, even Chatsworth. So far, in three months or so, we've had more than seventy thousand people. Not bad at half a crown a head, is it?" His lordship swung his stick behind his shoulders and straightened his back with a pleased air.

"Had a devil of a time starting, though," he remarked. "We thought three or four guides would be sufficient. We got a wounded officer and his wife and daughter, and so on. The first week we were swamped. The second week, we doubled the number of guides. We still couldn't handle the crowds." Finally, the Marquess had to call in his family. The Marchioness; her daughter, Lady Caroline, who is twenty-one; and her niece, Charmiane Wilson, sold picture postcards. The Marquess became a car-park attendant. Two of his three sons, seventeen-year-old Viscount Weymouth and fifteen-year-old Lord Christopher Thynne, came down from Eton and worked as traffic cops. "I paid them about a shilling an hour and let them keep their tips," recalled the Marquess. "They did quite well."

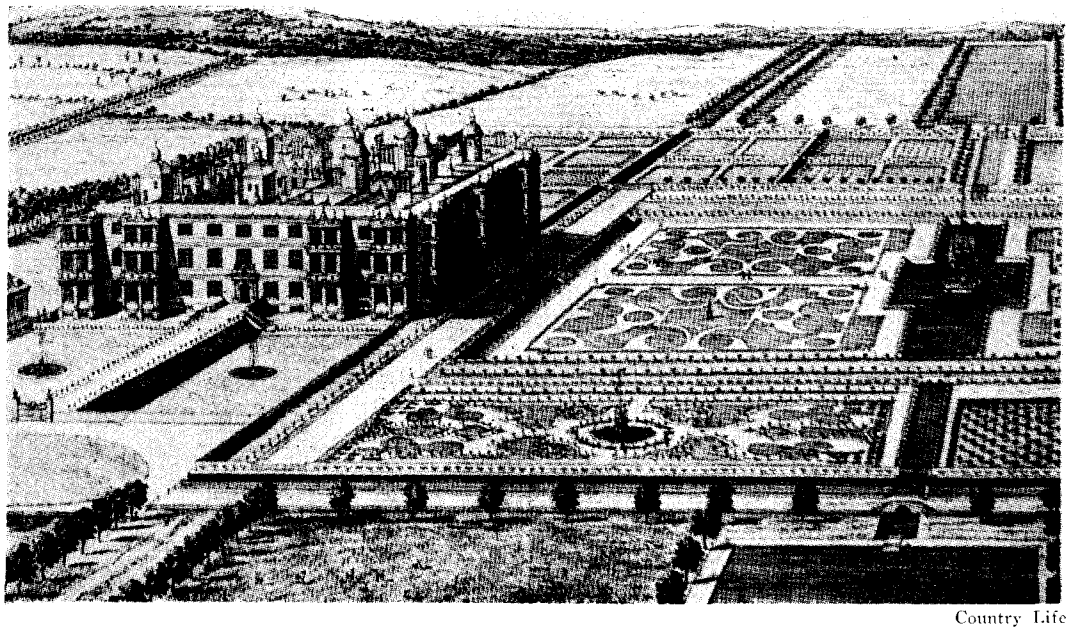
We walked outside into a great hall, now crowded with sightseers, most of them women. Guides were shepherding the guests through the ornate rooms, lined with Spanish leather and hundreds of ancestral portraits. "On the left, we have a portrait of Arabella Stuart, cousin of James the First, confined to the Tower of London and later lost her reason—*very* sad," a lady guide was saying in a clear, well-bred voice. "Well, did you ever?" gasped one of the trippers. "And a portrait of Sir John Thynne, builder of Longleat," added the lady guide. "A man o' character, 'e must a been, you could tell it at a glarnce," remarked a cockney lady, nodding away. "Notice the ornamental ceilings, which took Italian workmen ten years to build . . ." chirped the guide. The rest was lost in a baby's wail. "Must o' cost *thousands* o' pounds!" cried a deaf lady, with her mouth wide open.

At the entrance, the Marquess was checking up on the gate receipts. "About nine hundred so far, Milord," said the attendant. "A bit slack, isn't it?" said his lordship, frowning.

We went outside. Under the main entrance, with the carved motto of the Thynnes—"I Have Good Reason"—the Sixth Marquess leaned his arm on a sign marked TEAS AND ICES, twirled his stick, and scanned the distant driveway for approaching business. Almost on the horizon, a fresh convoy of busses ground slowly toward the mansion. "Ah, things will pick up," observed the Marquess. The size of the pilgrimage to Longleat, however, I discovered, is not altogether a matter of luck. The Marquess cannily employs a full-time commercial traveler to hand out his brochures to bus companies.

We walked a hundred yards around the corner to one side of the mansion. His lordship pointed out the mystic signs carved on the walls by the Elizabethan stonemasons who built Longleat. "The manor house is more convenient than this old place, of course," he remarked. "The kitchen at Longleat is practically a quarter of a mile away from the dining room."

The Marquess went on to mutter about death duties. Recently, it seems, to keep the old homestead going and to settle death duties entailed by the death in 1946 of the Fifth Marquess, Lord Bath felt obliged to sell off a corner of the estate, amounting to 5,400 acres, and including three villages, twenty farms, twenty-five small holdings, a hundred and thirty cottages, and two sets of licensed premises—a



Country Life

Longleat in 1690

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slice of land that had brought the Thynne family the equivalent of about forty thousand dollars annually in rents. The Sixth Marquess speaks with some aplomb about portions of counties he has sold. "Let's see, now," he may say, pausing in front of a giant series of maps rolled on the wall of the Fifth Marquess's study—a sort of strategic chartroom. "I sold those three villages, didn't I, and a block of Somerset property that was really too awkward to visit; father sold Warminster —that's a town of about six thousand —Frome, with seven thousand people, Marston, Westbury, and, I suppose, Sutton Veny. And grandfather sold his Irish estates—what were they? [unrolling a large map obviously unused for years] — ah, yes, Donaghanne, County Farney."

Despite these depredations of the twentieth century, the Sixth Marquess manages to skimp along fairly well on his nine thousand acres, with their two villages, 280 cottages, one hundred foresters, twenty gardeners, five gamekeepers, and his own crews of stonemasons, charcoal-burners, and thatchers. Happily, he also has a rainy-day fund of nearly a million pounds left him by the late Fifth Marquess. The physical estate itself was not taxable by death duties, since the Fifth Marquess had signed over the whole thing to his son in 1923. ("I dare say you know that old tax dodge," remarked his lordship.) In addition, the present Marquess owns the famous Cheddar caves in Somerset, which five hundred thousand people pay to see each year. Despite the Sixth Marquess's unfavorable estimate of the Cheddar visitors as "a low lot, damned pub-crawlers," he accepts from them with fair grace gate receipts totalling five thousand pounds annually. His Lordship has a slightly higher opinion of the people who visit Longleat. "Not the Cheddar-caves type," he told me. "Mostly upper- and middle-class people, although we get a lot of holiday people from Bournemouth and the working classes from Bristol."

The Marquess rapped his stick on the Elizabethan flagstones. "Yes," he said with some satisfaction, "if the tax situation doesn't get any worse, I think we'll pull through. I wouldn't hand over Longleat to the National Trust like some of us. Couldn't call the place my own. Just a bloody tenant! I say, imagine that woman running a silkworm factory in her house! Poor dears, I suppose some of them just don't have the money. They're all opening up their places now. Derby, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Somerset, myself. That's the Duke of Somerset's property beginning there—" the Marquess vaguely waved his stick at the horizon. "I daresay Somerset pays nineteen shillings and sixpence on the pound too. Damn it, I calculated once that at my rate of taxation a packet of cigarettes costs me seven pounds or so."

I asked his lordship if he didn't spend much time in the House of Lords. "Never took my seat in Lords," replied the Marquess, turning his stick upside down and whacking an imaginary golf ball across the lawn. "The fact is, I won't do it. I don't like democracy. The man in the street doesn't know anything; why should he have any say?

"Look here," explained the Marquess indignantly, "If one of my foresters is no good, I give him the sack and order him off my land. What happens? He elects a government who tell me how I must run my forest. Damned rot! Personally, I favor a dictatorship of the right. But mind you, if the Communists came to me tomorrow and said 'Sign on the dotted line,' I'd do it, if I could keep this estate. The Marxist of Bath! I shouldn't be talking like this. Result of a too-good lunch."

I took the hint and retired, promising to return the following day. Next morning the Marquess, dressed in a bilious ensemble of orange shirt and green slacks, drove me off at a terrifying speed through the fifteen miles of private roadway on his estate. "I've spent a hundred thousand pounds since the war on improvements to the cottages and farms on the estate," he said. "Most of them, you see, have no bath and no lavatory. Just like your hilly-billies. Can't get the government grants to do the work. Class distinction on the part of the government." Most tenants pay rent of only five shillings a week out of their postwar wages of ninety shillings. (Prewar, the serfs usually got thirty-five shillings. The Marquess considers the differential outrageous.)

The Marquess undoubtedly works hard on his estate. No detail escapes him. If a cottage is to let, he considers which family is most deserving, choosing the new tenant from a list of five or six submitted by his agent. He decides who shall be landlord of the village inn, and since he owns the neighborhood churches, decides who shall be vicar, and at what stipend. He decides when his tenants are too old to work, and where they will live their lives out on his estate, rent-free. "Tells 'ee what to do," remarked a retainer contentedly, "from the moment 'ee's born till the moment 'ee doies."

His lordship pulled up at a new cottage, painted pink. I noticed with surprise that the roof was covered with medieval thatching. "I have that done to keep under the government limit of thirteen hundred pounds for new constructions," he said. "Thatching is cheaper, and I have two thatchers to keep busy. Very cool in summer. The only difficulty is, the birds pull the straw out to make nests." Some of the villagers, I found out later, don't care for the pink paint, but his lordship does, and that settles the matter. We drove to a roadside place where a dozen of the estate's "dilapidation gang" were digging. All doffed their caps and murmured "Mornin', Milord."

"Why don't you take off your clothes in this heat and work in your bathing suits?" shouted the Marquess. One of the men, with a great red face, turned his head away and gave a tremendous giggle. "Moight be some young ladies come by, Milord." "Damned rot," said his lordship, as he slammed the door of his car and drove away. Farther along the road, the chief forester approached. "The bulldozer has arrived, Milord," he reported, lifting his hat. "Good," replied the Marquess, and drove off through a thatched village to inspect rebuilding progress at one of the ponds, which his lordship recently stocked with some 180,000 trout. Then he turned into his gardens to inspect his hundreds of grapevines, and found conditions not good. "Gould, these muscats don't look so hot," he shouted at the gardener. "Red spider, Milord," said Gould, deferentially. His lordship made off into the woods. "These are the best-kept woods in England," he said with evident pride. "I'm planting between two hundred and three hundred acres a year, and I lose twenty thousand pounds a year doing it. By the time these woods pay off, my

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eldest son will be handling all that. Lord Weymouth is seventeen now. Of course, he must go to Oxford. I'd like him to row, or something. As for the other sons, they might as well emigrate and get out of the place. Africa, maybe—Africa's probably the best potential part of the Empire. Or even America; I don't mind much. I went to America once, you know. Toyed with the idea of ranching."

Along the forest road, more members of his lordship's dilapidation gang were digging a drain. "Where's Johnson?" demanded the Marquess. "Sick, Milord," said one of the men. "It's his stummick." ("Oh, dear," breathed the Marchioness later of Johnson's digestive system, "that's a relief. I shan't have to look into his stomach. When I go around visiting the sick they usually insist on showing me their sores. Quite *shameless* about it.")

His lordship passed on from the drainage operation. He seemed worried about Viscount Weymouth. "Damn it," he said, whacking at a weed with his stick, "the boy collects butterflies." Lord Weymouth, I gathered, was on the quiet side. "More like the Second Marquess," her ladyship later remarked. The Second Marquess, it seems, had retreated from the splendor of Longleat and gone to live in one of his tenants' cottages. On second thought, he may not have been as quiet as all that; he was rumored to have quit Longleat after running a sword through his wife's lover on the staircase and burying the body in the cellar; a rumor not unsubstantiated by the Fifth Marquess's discovery, while a new boiler was being installed in the cellar, of a skeleton in crumbling jackboots.

Whatever the leanings of his heirs, the Marquess shows almost fanatical determination to keep his estate running efficiently for at least a few hundred years more. "These trees I've planted," he remarked as we headed back to the manor house for lunch, "will only be half way to maturity by the end of my lifetime. That's the way I want to run this place. Something permanent, you know. That's why I've never really cared for farming. You buy a cow, and the damn thing dies on you in a few years.

"There's nothing *permanent* about that," said his lordship, "is there?"

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

The Arts

She Shall Have Muzak . . .

Washington Post Photo

Miss Eda Burlack: *"I was a wreck."*

Cincinnati was the first of our cities to succumb. It was the spring of 1948, and the idea of listening to a radio while riding in a bus seemed innocent and amusing. Of course, there would be commercials every now and then, but nobody was much concerned.

That autumn Houston, St. Louis, and Wilkes-Barre also fell. And before long, transit radios were installed in the public conveyances of Allentown, Baltimore, Des Moines, Evansville, Tacoma, Topeka, and Worcester. An aroused citizenry finally realized—perhaps too late for the mustering of an adequate defense—the peril to freedom the new gadgets represent. You can't turn them off; you can't get away; you are what the media-research experts call "the trapped audience."

Like embattled farmers at the rude bridge, the people of Washington, D.C. have been waging a fierce battle for silence in the last few weeks. Two hundred and thirteen of the Capital Transit Company's vehicles are now equipped with the radios: Barring a miracle, all fifteen hundred will soon have been surrendered.

At recent hearings before the Public Utilities Commission of the District, the debate has been sharp. The radio partisans presented a public opinion expert from St. Louis, one Edward G. Doody (not to be confused with Howdy Doody, a television puppet who happens to have the same last name). Mr. Doody, a short and rather stocky young man who arrived with his arms full of charts and elaborate brochures, couldn't have been more confident if Dewey were President and Messrs. Roper and Gallup were Cabinet members. His charts showed that in the cities where transit radios have been installed very few people find them insupportable. "As people become more and more used to a thing, they take a don't-care attitude," he explained.

A Mr. Donald O'Neill, the bespectacled representative of the Muzak Corporation, which supplies the music the riders hear, stood on his dignity. The melodies, he said, are played by "a salon-type orchestra. . . . There is no be-bop." And he added, "Even the small minority objecting to the music derives subconscious benefits."

The sharpest blow dealt by the radio partisans was the testimony of Mr. John H. Connaughton, President of the Federation of Citizens Associations, who questioned the sanity of his opponents: "Persons whose nerves are so shocked by music should not be allowed on the street . . . Radio . . . cannot injure the health of any individual normal enough to be at large."

In rebuttal, the upholders of peace and quiet presented Dr. Winfred Overholser, a prominent psychiatrist. When asked, "Will a noise, such as radio, interfere with the ability of individuals to read or converse?" Dr. Overholser

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Washington Post Photo

Mr. John H. Connaughton: *"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."*

replied in the affirmative. When asked if a radio could interfere with the ability to think, Dr. Overholser said simply, "Insofar as that pastime is indulged in."

Mr. Claude N. Palmer, director of trade relations for the United Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Association, suggested that each radio-equipped vehicle be marked with a capital "J" in conspicuous yellow paint, not less than eighteen inches in height. The "J"—Mr. Palmer explained—is for "Juke."

Miss Eda Burlack, a retired high school music teacher, was vehement: "One of the things I have always dearly loved is a Strauss waltz, but they played one in a streetcar going down Connecticut Avenue one day, and with the bump, bump, bump of the wheels, by the time I got downtown I was a nervous wreck. I haven't listened to a Strauss waltz since."

Miss Anne Darlington was philosophical: She thinks the transit radios may have helped her health; she walks more so that she can avoid them.

Mr. R. A. Seelig of the Transit Riders Association summed up the case against the radios: "If the privacy of the home is not to be violated by majority action, by what right does the Capital Transit Company seek to invade the private chamber of the mind? Certainly, the mind is a more sacred and inviolate place than the home."

Despite the heroic efforts of fighters for freedom like Miss Burlack and Mr. Seelig, the nation's capital must probably be written off as lost.

A small committee of troubled New Yorkers, hoping to find out what's in store for them, paid a visit the other day to Mr. William H. Ensign, Eastern Sales Manager of Transit Radio Incorporated. Mr. Ensign, a handsome middle-aged man, with a white mustache, horn-rimmed glasses, and the deep, well-modulated voice of a radio announcer, received the committee courteously in his office on the third floor of the Postum Building. The office was tastefully decorated with modern blond maple furniture, a green carpet, a curvy glass partition, and an aggressive-looking dictaphone. The small committee did not detect the presence of a radio.

About the forthcoming campaign for New York Mr. Ensign was quietly sanguine. When asked if plans were going forward for the purchase of an FM transmitter in midtown, Mr. Ensign looked out the window and said, "I just can't mention any names." He would admit, however, that his company hopes to start equipping New York surface vehicles sometime during the first six months of 1950. He said that at the present stage of technological development, subways and noisy trolleys could not receive the broadcasts properly, but apparently television is not a remote possibility for the surface vehicles.

"Seventy per cent of the programs are music," said Mr. Ensign. "Then there's news, weather, time signals, sports, and so on. Advertisements are limited to twenty-five seconds, and not more than one every five minutes." He seemed to think that this was extremely moderate.

The advantages of the new media for advertisers are startling, according to Mr. Ensign. "There are five to eight loudspeakers in each bus, mounted in a stagger pattern, and a thing we call a "voice emphasis circuit" is automatically activated by the transmitter to increase the volume whenever the music stops and the spoken word is heard. Unless the riders are sound asleep or deaf, they're bound to hear what is said. So the advertiser gets one-hundred-per cent circulation of his message."

Not only can advertisers collar their victims in such a way as to rule out the possibility of escape, but, as Mr. Ensign put it, "We can tell them exactly how many people they'll reach at any time of day. And not only that, we can tell them what *kind* of people they are reaching." He looked through some papers on his desk and found one headed "Transit Radio Audience Composition by Hours and Type."

"Now, you see, from 6:00 to 7:30 a.m. we get factory workers and laborers on their way to work. From 7:00 to 9:00 come the white-collar workers. And from 9:00 until about 5:00 the busses will be full of women shoppers. Then the factory workers and the white-collar workers come home, and early in the evening we have miscellaneous entertainment seekers." Mr. Ensign was triumphant. "Advertisers can pin-point their prospective customers!"

Mr. Ensign got out some surveys—many of them had been conducted by Mr. Doody of St. Louis—to show how effective the new advertising medium has been in the cities where it has come into use. The title of one of the reports was "Transit Radio Shows 75.51% Increase for Drug Product." The name of the drug product was Nervine.

The small committee of troubled New Yorkers was beginning to fidget nervously by this time, and their palms were a little moist. They thanked Mr. Ensign for his time. When they left the Postum Building, which is at 250 Park Avenue, they made the mistake of cutting through Grand Central Terminal just in time to hear an announcer begin his pitch over the new transmitter which has been set up to catch the travelers there. The small committee broke into a dog-trot in the general direction of the Commodore Bar.

—Robert K. Bingham

Washington Post Photo

Miss Mary W. Merrick: *"I'm so tired of hearing about fur coats."*

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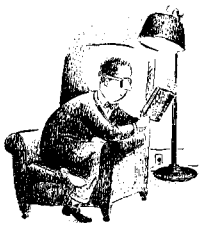
Books

An Impossible World Republic



There are a number of brands of world government on the market, in fact something for nearly every taste, and every brand has its book. No man can read, let alone discuss fairly, all that is being written on the subject. There is no more instructive way of starting than with the *Preliminary Draft of a World Constitution* (University of Chicago Press, $2.00), supplemented by the magazine *Common Cause,* which has persistently promoted this document, and furnishes an enlightening supporting commentary.

The "preliminary draft" was made by a committee of scholars who worked at the University of Chicago. The president of the committee was Robert M. Hutchins; its inspiration came from G. A. Borgese. In the language of the movement, Messrs. Hutchins and Borgese are unashamed "maximalists." They believe that only a world government with powers considerably exceeding those formulated in the United States Constitution can keep the peace. To me, at least, theirs is the school which best illustrates the basic issues between one-worlders and those of us to whom they seem mistaken.

The logic of Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Borgese is not always easy to disentangle from their rhetoric, but the core of their argument has lately been stated by a co-signer of the draft constitution, Mr. Stringfellow Barr, in a form I think they would accept: ". . . The price of peace is justice, the price of justice is law . . . the price of law is government. . . ."

In this series the key word, for the Chicago one-worlders, is "justice." They do not believe that peace can be achieved by such half-measures as control of atomic energy, or the establishment of a global police force or general disarmament. Mr. Hutchins, indeed, has denounced such proposals as mere American imperialism; he is particularly irritated by the announced platform of the United World Federalists: "For World Federal Government with Powers Limited but Adequate to Assure Peace." No world government, he argues, can be established or successfully maintained unless it is able to ensure justice among all peoples everywhere. To remove the arms and leave injustice untouched would be, in his view, a purposeless fraud.

So the "maximalist" constitution, though nominally federal, in fact vests enormous powers in its World Federal Republic; it is hard to find anything in the realm of legislation and administration that could not be justified under one or another of its clauses. These powers, indeed, extend far beyond what the Chicago framers appear to have intended.

Mr. Hutchins has argued, for example, that under this constitution, "each state retains the power to determine the amount of immigration it will admit." A Chinese looking at the empty spaces of Australia—or California—would hardly agree, when he could cite these clauses: "The . . . earth [is] the common property of the human race"; the management and use thereof "shall be subordinated in each and all cases to the interest of the common good"; the jurisdiction of the world government shall extend "to the furtherance and progressive fulfillment" of this duty and right, and "to the supervision and approval of laws concerning emigration and immigration. . . ."

The "maximalists" frequently and properly charge the "minimalists" with making effective world government seem easier than it is. Paradoxically, in the matter of immigration Mr. Hutchins appears to have fallen into the same error.

I cite this case, however, not to demonstrate a small inconsistency in the arguments of the Chicago school, but rather because it seems to me a fair sample of the way in which the nature of their argument inevitably carries them far beyond their intentions. Once you have argued that justice must be ensured by government, there is literally no power over persons, nations, and regions that someone will not wish to see vested in government. It is only when you have reasonable confidence that rough justice can be achieved in other ways that you dare limit the powers of government. The Chicago framers have included in their constitution a rather fuzzy bill of rights, much fuzzier than one would have expected from a committee led by Mr. Hutchins, whose courage and clarity on this topic have elsewhere been outstanding. Their intention is to protect the traditional western freedoms—of speech, faith, and assembly—along with other less ancestral rights. Yet so eager are they to ensure justice that, compared with the Soviet Constitution of 1936, theirs is an authoritarian document. A constitutional lawyer with any skill at all could readily erect a concentration camp under the shelter of this constitution; what Mr. Vishinsky could do with it staggers the imagination.

Yet this is an ingenious document, written by men who had the advice of experts in political theory. Its every grant of power, its every specification of duty, is aimed at some real-life injustice evident to the framers, and evident even to some who oppose the one-worlders. Moreover, the "maximalists" are, I think, on wholly solid ground when they argue that most of the people of the world will not accept any world government unless they think it advances their ideas of justice; this is

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as true for Indians and Chinese as it is for Russians and Americans. Each group would like to prevent a certain brand of injustice—the Americans, war and totalitarianism; the Russians, antisocial liberty; the Indians and the Chinese, race prejudice and inequalities of wealth. Everyone, even the Russian, is in favor of a single world, on his own terms, and everyone considers his own terms just.

It is just at this point that the whole idea of world government begins to seem absurd. What is it that keeps the nations apart today? Is it not precisely their inability to reach any agreement on the content of the idea of justice? Do we escape the difficulty by asserting that at least all should agree on a common government? Take a single area of difference, the present gulf between the United States and the U.S.S.R.: The Russian Communist argues that the trouble lies in the inherent wickedness of all that is not "friendly to the Soviet Union"; Americans tend to claim that it is rather in the ruthless drive for power of Russian totalitarians. The Soviet Union wants a world government of loyal Communists; the least demanding of American world federalists tends to insist on a worldwide bill of rights. Is there any form of statement, any form of government, any meaningful reconciliation of difference, that can satisfy both of these objectives?

The Chicago constitution is a thing of abstract beauty; a man inserting into it his own ideas of justice will find enough to satisfy himself that, if he were running things, it would be a good constitution. But let him ask himself what would happen if others were running things under its provisions, which is the question that men must ask of constitutions, and, be he Russian or Chinese, American or Indian, he must reject it out of hand. If anything in this world is certain, it is that this constitution, or anything remotely like it, is wholly impossible both of acceptance and successful operation, not for today or tomorrow only, but for decades to come.

And, to quote a dictum of *Common Cause,* "[a thing] is undesirable because it is impossible." The dictum has the sort of easy glibness that is characteristic of too much of *Common Cause,* and indeed of one-world writing generally. It might not hold in this case, if the supporters of this constitution were in fact as tentative in their arguments and as moderate in their methods as their introductory remarks make them out to be. If this constitution were presented only as an essay in ideas, from which men might learn as men have always learned from Utopias, it might deserve some of the praise it has received. Unfortunately, this is not the tone of its chief interpreters. *Common Cause* shows both Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Borgese as men who believe that the world is doomed unless their constitution, or something vesting similarly extensive powers in a world government, is adopted within the next few years. They not only believe this, but they spare no pains to make clear their contempt for those who disagree.

The arguments of Mr. Hutchins, in particular, as set forth in some detail last year at Laramie, Wyoming, display the stigmata of the irresponsible idealist. Mr. Hutchins believes, with passionate conviction, that only his solution will prevent world war. He treats with cavalier and demonstrable

unfairness the arguments of those who disagree, and he uses in support of his own case facts and arguments which are, to say the least, debatable. Thus: "The world is geographically one. It will therefore become politically one." Are Canada and the United States, Britain and Eire, even Belgium and the Netherlands politically one, or likely to be united soon? Or again: "Two-thirds of the earth's population may be counted in favor of world federation . . ." Would it not be at least as accurate to suggest that two-thirds of the earth's population never heard of world federation? And finally: "Mr. Truman's [program] . . . since October, 1945, has been to call for the largest army, navy, and air force in the world." This is not the whole truth, even if it were true in itself, and it is not true in itself.

Statements like these are unworthy of both the cause and the man. There was a similar gap between objective and action in Mr. Borgese's unsatisfactory flirtation with Senator Glen Taylor, in whom he thought he saw the first highly-placed crusader for his cause.

It would be wholly unfair to claim that all who are world federalists have succumbed to angry words and foolish actions. Mr. T. K. Finletter, for example, has combined a temperate advocacy of world government with skillful and devoted service where service currently counts most, first in his study of air policy, and second as a minister of the Marshall Plan. But it is not unfair to remark that in proportion as men believe that a strong world government is the *only* present solution of our problems, they become unreasonable and even foolish, shouting from the housetops that we must do away with sin, but doing little to help solve the massive and difficult problems of the present and the likely future. No one can deny the force of the argument that war would be catastrophic, but neither war nor other forms of injustice can be waved away with a piece of paper. This, of course, one-worlders know; is it too much to ask them to act as if they knew it?

The task of this generation is to defend and advance the cause of human dignity and freedom, to avoid war, and to make some headway toward a larger area of common judgment on the meaning of justice. In this enormous undertaking, so full of danger and difficulty, there is plenty of work for the pragmatist and the idealist, the statesman and the student. It is a pity that at such a time men as prominent as Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Borgese should be spreading confusion by a misguided insistence upon an undesirable and impossible world republic.

—McGeorge Bundy

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Contributions

The Reader Reports

The articles appearing on this page were contributed by readers in response to the theme question:

How long do you think it will take Germany to become a useful member of the community of nations?

Fifteen Years at Least

Whatever political maturity and humanistic outlook Germany may gain in the future will be an accomplishment of those born *after* V-E Day. Since modern Freudian psychology has demonstrated that all events indelibly mark even the minds of small children, one is reluctant to trust those youngsters now attending elementary schools in the Reich. "Hitler was a Jew—that's why he led us into disaster," a tot explained to a foreign correspondent in 1945. It won't be easy to "de-Nazify" the warped mind of this little Teuton.

Indeed, a score of years will have to pass before we will have any sizable number of Germans sans a recollection of Hitlerism, sans moral insecurity and guilt feelings. In short, no truly democratic Germany can be expected before, say, 1965, at the least (assuming that neither a West-East conflict nor any major revolution occurs). However, it is not enough to wait idly for the time when Germany will be able to "become a useful member of the community of nations." The postwar Germans (and I mean primarily those born after V-E Day) must be exposed to the spirit of genuine democracy—but who is qualified to teach them?

The great majority of the public-school teachers in Germany today were teen-agers when the Second World War broke out; of the Reich's ten million "Aryan" youngsters, seven million were members of the Hitler Youth. Their creed started with the commandment: The Leader is always right. It ended by postulating that "whatever serves the interest of the movement, and through it Germany and the German people, is right." Still, there are anti-Nazis even among this "lost generation," and enough older men and women have survived to influence the young minds in the right direction.

No compromise with Nazi teachers, then! And, incidentally, don't expect too much from the present leaders of the West German Republic, many of whom were collaborators. By 1965, however, the Schachts, Papens, and Fritsches will have been laid safely to rest; the Hitler Youth of 1939 will then be middle-aged family men, little inclined toward pranks and political adventures. Let us, therefore, stay in Germany until 1965, and let us help anti-Fascist Germans, who deserve a better fate, to gain both a genuine democracy and economic security.

DR. ALFRED WERNER
New York City

Not in Sight

Germany's becoming a useful member of the community of nations is not even in sight. This opinion is based on conditions outside and inside of Germany.

The struggle between East and West is continuing with undiminished ferocity. Germany is cut in half, each part being built up and ideologically claimed by one of the rival blocs. Some Germans are trying to take advantage of this internal contest; the great majority are apathetic or frightened onlookers of a tragedy—this time not directly of their making. There does not now exist a Germany.

A "useful member of the community of nations" must be wholly free and independent. Only by using its freedom justly and intelligently in fair consideration of the rights and interests of others can a country prove its "usefulness" to the family of nations. There is no such freedom for either west or east Germany. No such freedom is in sight.

Inside of west Germany, the economy has been nursed back to some degree of normalcy. Since practically all Germany was once Nazi, the leaders of trade and industry have changed little after the defeat. There was no popular underground movement during Hitler's régime; there was no revolution afterward. Too many big names under Hitler are still big names today. Nazi Germany and postwar Germany, so vastly different in power, show a disquieting similarity in political ambition and thinking. It will take another generation of Germans to build up a spirit of peaceful co-operation on a worldwide basis.

It should never be contended of any nation that there is no hope for spiritual regeneration, national unity, and useful membership in the world council of the United Nations. Today it seems premature, however, to venture such a prediction as to the period of time in which such a happy end may be conferred upon Germany and the world.

H. WILLIAM CALLMAN
New York City

Contributors

Among the contributors to the present issue are: James B. Reston, international correspondent of the New York *Times*; Violet Price, who was a correspondent in Indonesia at the time the United Nations Commission was negotiating there; Edward P. Morgan, who writes from France; Richard Neuberger, staff member of the Portland *Oregonian* and magazine writer; Thomas Whiteside, contributor to *The New Yorker* and *New Republic*; Isaac Deutscher, author of *Stalin: a Political Biography;* McGeorge Bundy, now lecturing at Harvard on government, co-author with Henry L. Stimson of *On Active Service in Peace and War*. The article dealing with the Secretariat of the United Nations was staff-written.

The Editors

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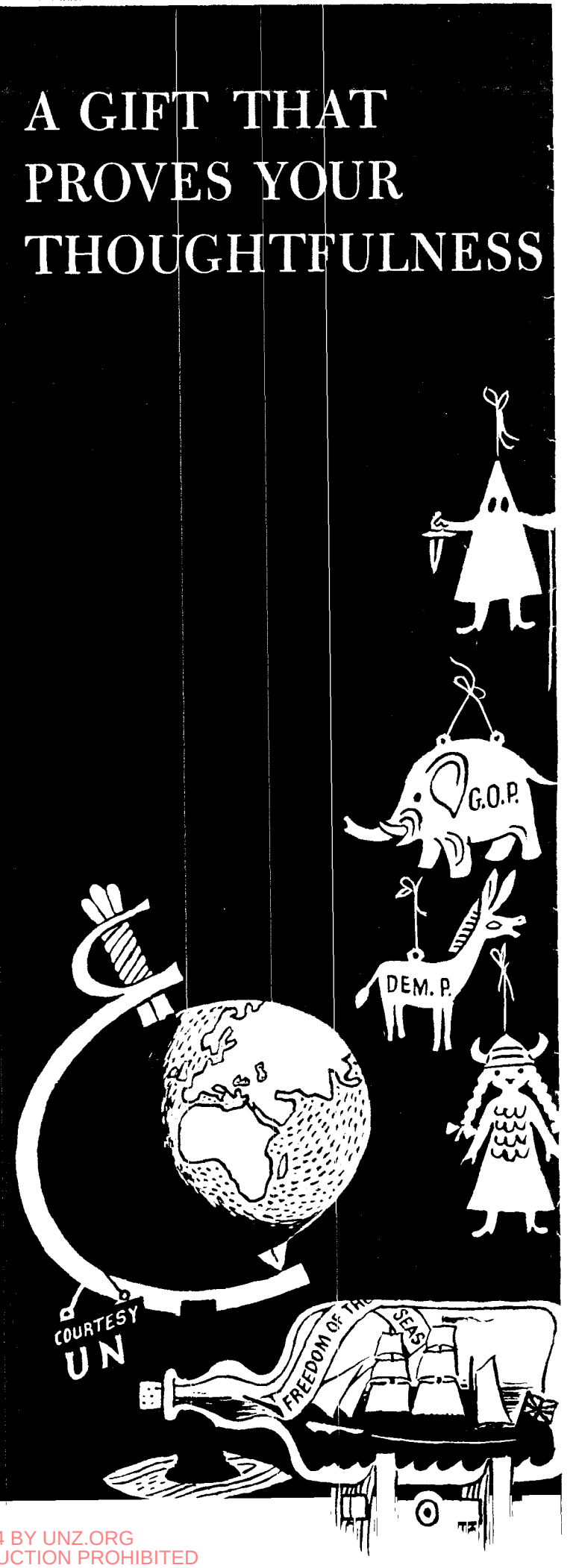

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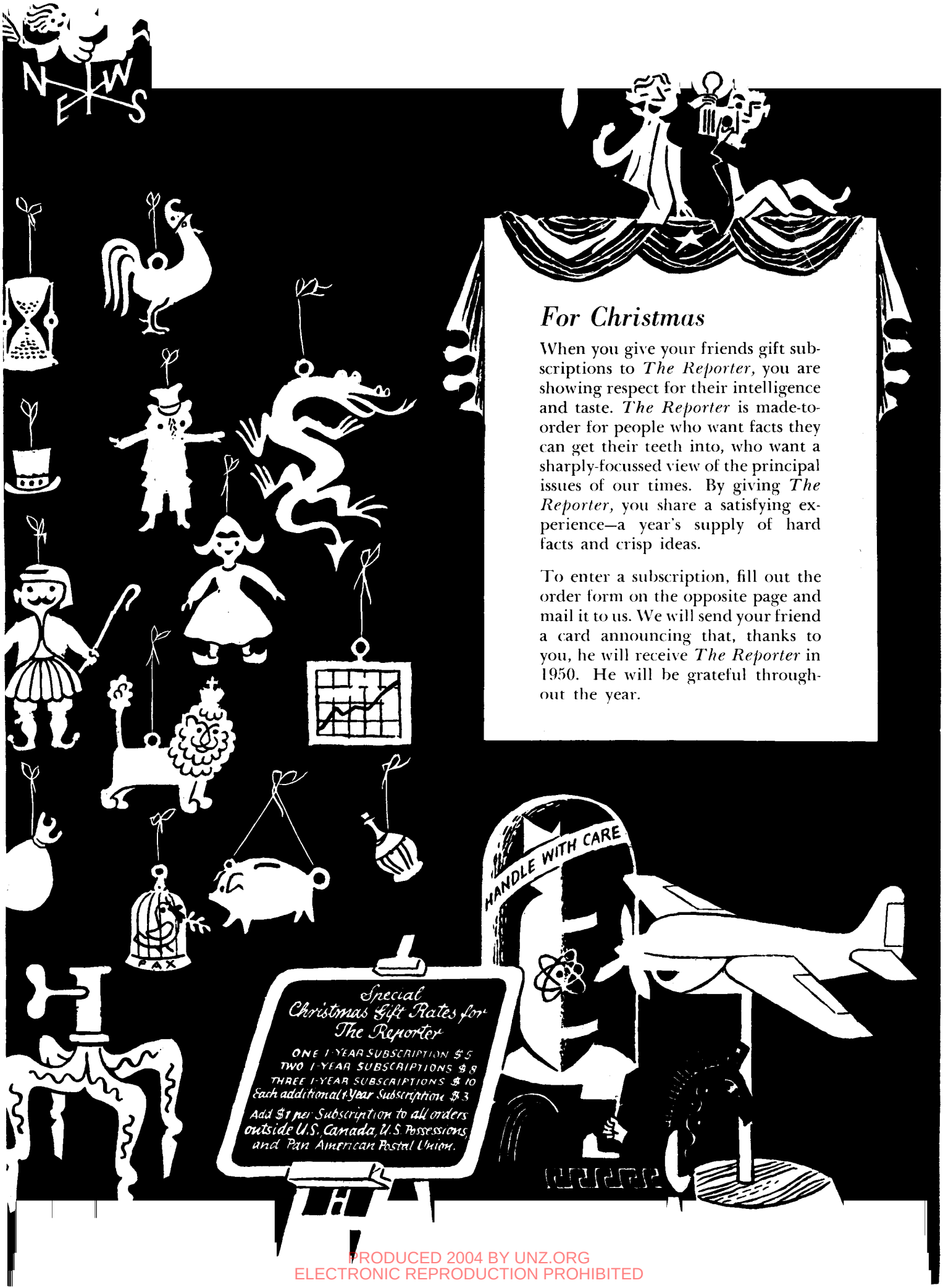
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His Continuing Progress

His Continuing Problems

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